WASHINGTON in the 90's

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ISABEL McKENNA DUFFIELD

Introduction by

JAMES D. PHELAN







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WASHINGTON IN THE 90'S

California Eyes Dazzled by the Brilliant Society of the Capitol



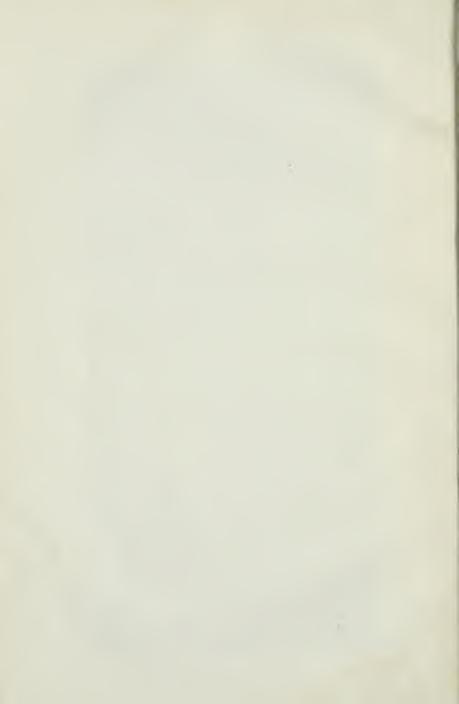
Personal Reminiscences by
ISABEL McKENNA DUFFIELD

With an Introduction by JAMES D. PHELAN

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MISS ISABEL MCKENNA IN 1898



INTRODUCTION

 I^N SOME RESPECTS there is perhaps no more interesting city in the modern world than Washington, the capital of the richest and most powerful country. It differs from our great commercial metropolis, in that it is the seat of Government and Government only.

It is dominated by personalities and leaders, men and women of unusual ability. The social life of the city is its conspicuous characteristic. No one, in the early 90s, had a better opportunity to see and record the life in Washington than Isabel McKenna Duffield, California born and bred, who, when her father was elected to Congress from Central California, at that period, went with her family to reside therc. Her father became a member of the McKinley cabinet, and he was later elevated to the United States Supreme bench.

Miss McKenna married, in Washington, Mr. Pitts-Duffield, author and publisher, the nephew of Mr. Justice Brown of the same court. She shows in this memoir her devotion to her father, and I desire to add, as a matter of historical detail, that, although Justice Mc-Kenna's qualifications, because of lack of expe-

rience on the bench, were questioned at the time of his appointment, he soon developed extraordinary legal acumen, and his decisions won the approval and commendation of the Bench and Bar, for their clarity, broad-mindedness, fairness and classic literary value. I have recently been informed to this effect by the Attorney General of California, General U.S. Webb, who, necessarily, keeps in touch with the decisions of the highest court. General Webb also pointed out the fact that Justice McKenna, differing from some of his colleagues who were wedded too closely to the past, was always ready to accept the new points of view which modern science and political development have imposed upon the thoughts of men.

Mrs. Duffield writes charmingly of her experiences, in a style direct and convincing, worthy indeed, of her distinguished father. And so California, by such achievement, is justified by her children.

—James D. Phelan.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The pages of history, many times dull and lifeless as written, can be made of gripping interest, through presentation of incidents, circumstances and events. Biographical studies make history meaningful and significant. Indeed every great event in history centers around some outstanding personality. Mrs. Duffield has, in the following pages so blended for us scenes, events, customs of the times, historical incidents and biographical data as to produce a distinct contribution.

Fortunate are author and magazine alike that the manuscript has been checked by former U. S. Senator James D. Phelan and a foreword prepared by him. Mr. Phelan has for many years been familiar with official Washington and many of those mentioned in the recital were his personal friends.

Mrs. Duffield's story, by special arrangements, appeared serially in the columns of the Overland Monthly—issues October, November, December, 1929. In reprinting this book the publishers and editors of the magazine extend appreciation to the author.

A. H. C.





Washington in the 90's

The Revival of interest in the 90's, the result of which has been to turn the search light of scrutiny upon the events and episodes of the final days of the last century, is due, I think, to the gentle and genteel appeal they make against the clamor of a noisier age. From 1900 to 1927 is not a long span, but in the history of the world the period records an unprecedented change. And yet one must not jump to the conclusion that, in the decade in question, because life was lived without the advantages of motor cars, phonographs, vitascopes, moving pictures, wireless telegraphy, telephones and television, radios and aeroplanes, existence then was altogether small and drab, or that its joys and tragedies were colorless.

One hundred and fifty years have passed since "the shot heard 'round the world' shook the peace of the American Colonies. In spirit, I go back to a grandsire who offered up the prayer at the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The Stately Pennsylvania Avenue, the route along which many an executive has ridden to his inauguration, was then a swamp. Crude, indeed, were the streets of the National Capital when Thomas Jefferson hitched his riding horse to the old palisades, and, even at a later

date, when the red-coats of an invading army were grimy and bespattered in their march towards the White House. But the classic White House itself has always been of a most faultless complexion against the park of its generous green! "Whose house is that?" was recently asked of Mr. Coolidge. "Nobody's," he replied. "They come and they go."

They come and they go, these chosen of the people, from him who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen" down to the most recent occupant of the Executive Mansion. As the great portals swung open and then closed on that stormy afternoon of the fourth of March, shutting out completely the animated cheers of the crowd, the hurdy-gurdy strains of the patriotic tunes, and muting the last bars of the serenading hymn, "Hail to the Chief!" Herbert Hoover found himself alone with the past as "one who thoughtfully ponders the centuries," and threading his way through the long corridors he must surely have given more than a passing obeisance to the kindly faces of his predecessors looking down on him from the Georgian white panels of the walls-officers of the military, farmers, barristers, and college professors—Republicans, Democrats and Whigs. But the thirty-first President of the United States, world traveller and erudite man of business, perhaps most of all embodies the mood of the epoch in which he lives, the enormousness of which forces us to preserve the more guardedly the earlier and tenderer associations of our racial heritage.

And the mistresses of the mansion! One also observes in their portraits hanging there against the fabricked softness of the old rooms that they too did their part exceedingly well,—some in black velvet, some in red, in blue silk and white, now crinolined, now sheathed,—head-dresses of flowered garlands, powdered, plumed and jewelled: Mrs. Madison, gorgeous in a tinselled turban from Paris: Mrs. John Adams in the becoming softness of old lace enhancing her sensitive face; Chartran's portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt in the garden, wearing a large picture hat, bandeaued for the coiffure of the 90's. And Martha, the sedate and handsome consort of the earliest president, in her quilted pink silk skirt and close fitting peplum of ivory satin, the ruffles on the sleeves not too long to hide the beauty of her hands, her fichu crossed low after the mode of the eighteenth century —a picture of a great lady, about which there persist ently clings the fable of how the sprightly and fascinating Dolly Madison, when she smelt the smoke of the English foes advancing on the White House, cut away from the frames with her own hands this and its mate, the valuable portrait of Washington by Stuart. Extracted, however, from an old letter of Mrs. Madison to her sister is the following true account:

"Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. The process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame broken and the canvass taken out."

Later she wrote: "It is done, and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen from New York for safe keeping."

When the British were within but a few blocks of the White House Mrs. Madison finally put the silver in a receptacle and made a safe escape to Georgetown. For her own private possessions she gave not a thought or sigh, only for those held dear for American posterity. And so through each succeeding administration the Presidents' wives have appointed themselves the guardians of those valuable and especially treasured Lares and Penates of Tradition, and tradition has decided in the main the pattern of the President's court, only fashion, fleeting as it is, and the times, grave or gay, in war or in peace, influencing the little vanities and etiquette of the levees and other entertainments at the White House. To the growing feminine passion for floriculture we owe a thousand new charms that have sprung up of late years on the grounds immediately surrounding the mansion—the perennials of Mrs. Taft, the roses of Mrs. Wilson, the choicest white flowers planted by Mrs. Coolidge, to which Mrs. Hoover now brings still a rarer knowledge from her native golden state, sunny California . . . the seeds broadcasted by such fair hands producing more popular results than the choicest hybrids from the government hot houses. Sumptuous bloom has always been the hope and prophecy of Washington in the spring, and the almost tropical climate has aided much in staging scenes rich with the magnolia and gay with every tint and variety of the bulb and the lily. Outside the tall iron grating of the White House, and following the currents of the river, is the loveliest drive in the world, where early in April millions of cherry blossoms, born wild of Japanese soil, are

"Continuous as the stars that shine and twinkle on the milky way,

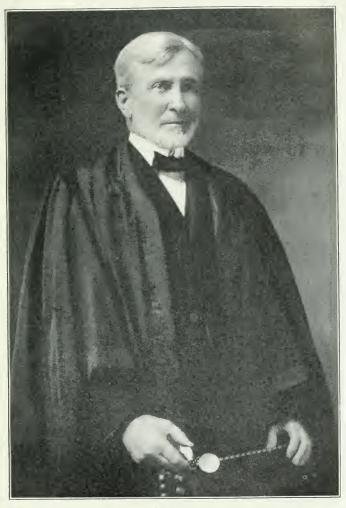
Stretched in never-ending line along the margin of a bay."

. . . attracting to Washington each year an increasing number of visitors, who find with every passing twelvementh the fervor of their patriotism freshly aroused by the revelation of new beauties in the symbols with which America honors the genius and glory of her own.

IN 1890 the State, War and Navy Building, with its neighbor, the United States Treasury, were the pride of the nation, to be eclipsed later by many others, notably one of the architectural jewels of the world, the Lincoln Memorial. Pitched alone in an open area, vast and vernal, it is a solitary and magnificent silhouette against the ruddy glow of the setting sun, its reflection gilded and clarified in the nearby waters, its spiritual inspiration the story of a farmer's boy from Illinois, born on a day in February marked and bannered now for all time with the im-

mortal motto, "With malice toward none, with charity for all." Lincoln, benignantly favored as he was with far vision, could hardly have foreseen the variations which the negro of today shows in comparison with his prototype shorn of his shackles by the great Proclamation. In a venerable family album one still cherishes the daguerreotype of an old dark mammy in her persimmon-colored and checked bandanna, caressing in her arms the "chile" of "ma ole missis," and one's grandfather can still delight the children with droll incidents of the fidelity and devotion of his ole black Joe. Fading fast are these pictures of another order which the South hugged to her bosom as long as she could, until the horns of the motor signaled and tempted the black man away from the corn belts into the cities, where the cinema and the radio portrayed and shrieked modernity.

Twenty-five years ago it was a becoming and frequent sight to see frugal housewives and wise walking to market, of which there were several scattered through the city, or being driven there in low victorias or wagonettes, their tasselled canopies rolled back to admit of the large baskets bulging with fresh produce and the long stemmed branches of lilac and dog-wood purchased in the season from the ebony farmerettes swarming along the edge of the sidewalks adjacent to the stalls. Sunbonnetted, ragged and tired from their long ride in the early dawn over dusty country roads in the most unwieldy of vehicles, they appealed with all the arch cunning of their race



Justice Joseph McKenna of California Congressman, United States Circuit Judge, Attorney General of United States and Justice of the Supreme Court

to one's sympathy and indulgence, so that we soon found ourselves swamped with sassafras, which we all loathed, faded cowslips, drooping bridal wreath and other shrubs dried and sered by exposure to the hot sun. "Only five cents a bunch, miss. Ten for the lilac,-twenty-five inside-" And while you debated and hesitated, you were lost, for the wife of Senator X has just stopped to ask after the Justice, and the eldest daughter of an Admiral joins you with the wife of a cabinet officer, and you inquire for the health of a Secretary, and then wish to be remembered to the Ambassador, and the General and Colonel likewise,—all just so many titles and names to the busy old crone tying up her thirsty flowers and nailing her bargains then and there. Just so many titles! What matter the names after a few years? It is not so much the office that makes the man: as the man who makes the office. "Magistratus indicat virum." As in a bygone day, so it is in the present, whether gathered in the market place, in the halls of pleasure, or in the meeting houses of duty, this lively exchange of solicitation, "How is the Secretary? How is the Senator? How is the Justice?" reflects always the importance of office in the capital city.

In my father's library in Washington the walls were almost completely tapestried with photographs of men of national reputation, many of whose lives were very closely interwoven with my father's career, whether in Congress, in the Cabinet, or on the Supreme Bench of the United States, for the number of his years of Federal service were forty and a little

more, from 1885 to 1925. Elected to Congress from the Third Congressional District of California, he served eight years in the lower house, when he resigned to accept the appointment by President Harrison as judge of the Ninth U. S. Circuit. Those eight years, forerunners of the 90's, were epoch-making years for him as well as for the country, for it was then that he made his most auspicious and binding friendships. Of the latter my father was wont to reminisce again and again during the summer of 1926, after his retirement from the bench, as we sat together through the long hours of twilight which also proved to be the twilight hours of his own dear life.

With a kindly gesture, and a loving glance, he would direct my attention to his little gallery of notables, among them William McKinley, Benjamin Harrison, Theodore Roosevelt, Tom Reed, Joe Cannon, Admiral Dewey, Senators Leland Stanford and Charles N. Felton of California: R. R. Hitt of Illinois, James G. Blaine, John G. Carlisle, Myron T. Herrick standing with Mark Hanna arm in arm on the famous McKinley porch in Canton; and the three great Chief Justices-Melville W. Fuller, Edward Douglas White, and William Howard Taft, under whom he served on the Supreme Bench, together with his associates, Justices Harlan, Brewer, Brown, Peckham, Day, Pitney, Hughes, and Holmes, to all of whom he was bound by ties of the most loyal friendship, and all but a few of whom he had survived and mourned in the passing. One picture after another would call forth a word of praiseful comment here, an anecdote there which I have always treasured as memorable and characteristically worth while.

In a corner, reposing quite conspicuously on a book shelf, looking, to tell the truth, rather out of place in such distinguished company, was the likeness of a somewhat pompous celestial. "And who may he be?" I have often heard my father questioned, to which, smiling he would reply: "Oh, that is Ah Toy, my cook for twenty years in California. Before going back to join his ancestors in China he wrote me a touching letter of farewell, and sent me his photograph, which belongs here among my friends. For did he not satisfy the cravings of my palate for years upon years? And, besides, he was an awfully good fellow. I think any cook who can be faithful to one master for so long a time deserves a niche in my hall of fame."

Toy was indeed part and parcel of my own child-hood recollections of California, with others more greatly known to fame.

The old black Joe of our family was William Joice, the messenger valet of Chief Justice Chase, after whose death he was employed first by Mr. Justice Field, my father's predecessor on the bench, and then by my father. William died in 1898, to be succeeded in faithful service for a quarter of a century by his son Edward, now the court messenger of Mr. Justice Stone, my father's successor. William was a short,

lean, light brown man. Born while his parents were yet in bondage he had the gentle civility of manner and speech to be found in the negro, fortunate during his childhood in coming under the influence of a wise master and a great gentleman. His kind heart beat in fuller gratitude, however, to all three of those whom he served later as a free man. One afternoon just before he died, when he himself was enfeebled by ill health, he told me with tearful agitation that his old mistress, Kate Chase Sprague, the daughter of Chief Justice Chase, was dying, and made the simple request that he might attend her during the last days of her life. "There are so many little things that she needs now and I can do for her," he explained. Laden down with a bottle of fine old French brandy, smelling salts, and various delicacies, he hovered near her humble abode until death claimed that fascinating, gifted and unfortunate belle of post bellum days — "a queen then," said William, "a saint now, and no man can dispute that with me." Thus chivalry beat higher in this dark man's breast than in a certain white man's.

The intimacy between Leland Stanford and my father began when Stanford was governor of California and my father a member of the state legislature. Mr. Stanford used often to tell me the story of their first meeting. "Where is that young man who at twenty-two can prefix an Honorable to his name?" he had made this inquiry upon one occasion. "I want to meet him." The meeting took place duly, and the

seeds of friendship were then planted, to flourish later on in Washington, where again they found themselves in legislative halls, Stanford the older in the Senate, and McKenna the younger in the House of Representatives. Between the terms of Congress and during the enforced absence of my father and mother in California, my sister and I spent all the holidays granted to us by our convent school in old Georgetown, with Mr. and Mrs. Stanford. Every Saturday night, promptly upon our arrival, the Senator would send a cheery telegram to my father in San Francisco, announcing our safe arrival, and every Sunday morning, in response, there would be a familiar looking vellow envelope on the Senator's plate at the breakfast table. That little yellow envelope represented to the Senator the fruition of all his youthful dreams.

He was one of the earliest pioneers of the railroad industry, his brain one of the four to conceive and execute the building of the Central Pacific, that colossal task of almost insurmountable difficulties, of perilous and often fatal encounters with the Indians, or even harder battles with the snows of winter and the grilling heat of the plains in summer. When, last year, I saw for the first time that splendid picture, "The Covered Wagon," the story in part of the first crossing of the plains, I seemed to see again that lovely white and gold dining room in Washington, with the Senator sitting at the head of his table, and to hear his dear old voice as he recited for the benefit of his youthful auditors the legend of that long,long

trail, out of which sprang the magic of the whole telegraph system and that little yellow envelope on the breakfast table.

IT WAS all the prelude to another scene as pretty and rich in tone as one of the Senator's old masters hanging there on the ivory wooden panels of the walls. Breakfast was usually served at nine, on a small table, so placed near the long windows as to command a view of the street, very tranquil then, of a Sabbath morning, except for the quaint cries of the little dark flower vendors, who, having often profited by the Senator's genial smile and generosity, flocked quite regularly under the eaves of the old K Street House, endeavoring in various ways to attract the Senator's attention to their trays of violets and newly

plucked arbutus.

One little urchin of the group, more persistent than the others, waited not, however, for a friendly signal, but would dash boldly up the front steps, and ring the door bell, with amusing punctuality. He was always admitted into what, to him, must have seemed a bit of Wonderland—a splendid room, golden with the sun and rosy with the warmth and cheer of huge logs blazing on the fire. A snowy table, laden with gay flowers and choice fruits, served by two Orientals in the incomparable blue silk habiliments of their native China, moving noiselessly in their coral-hued sandals across the deep crimson carpet, lent to the picture a colorful quality to be found only in the Venetian banquets of Paolo Veronese. We were all presented with bouquets of the fresh

violets, while the little brown hand was crossed with much silver, and numerous pockets made to bulge with many sweets . . . without seeming in the least to make any inroads on the supply on hand, a fact duly noted by the enterprising youngster, who, beaming all over, with a considerable display of shining white teeth between his humorous full lips, would remind us in the characteristic dialect of the real Southern darkey, of the presence of a score of other friends eagerly awaiting him on the street outside.

We were never quite able to discover where were stored the additional good things his greed demanded of the Senator's bounty. "Look here, you little rascal," said the man of fortune one day, "I was not able at your age to make as much money as you do. But then I never tried to sell violets, you see."

"Well, anyhow," replied the saucy little peddler, with surprising candor and a wide open glance around the big room, "you've done pretty well haven't you?"

Our hearty laughter, together with a bell, loud sounding and sudden, drowned the Senator's reply. Hark! What was that, we asked?

Mr. Nash, young Leland Stanford's tutor, who was more or less our Mentor too, explained that the Jerome Bonapartes, who lived nearby, had adopted the custom of ringing a bell to call the servants to their meals: there was even a curfew to summon them to their repose at night. It was a habit obtain-

ing in the family because their great uncle, the first Napoleon, loved bells. Some of the neighbors objected but I was always fond of counting those iron strokes: they brought to my mind the picture of the First Consul at Josephine Beauharnais's house, looking out over Paris and listening to the many bells of the city—pacing up and down on what is now known as "Napoleon's Walk"—purchased and presented to Paris by the late Empress Eugenie. Jerome Bonaparte was the grandson of Betsy Patterson of Baltimore and Jerome Bonaparte—the brother of the first Emperor. He married a daughter of Daniel Webster and was an extremely handsome man. I can recall seeing him often baring his head with great reverence as he walked past old St. Matthew's Church on H. Street and noting his resemblance to his cousin, Napoleon III. Senator Stanford fed the gentle vanity of this good friend and neighbor by frequently reminding him of the fact.

It is not, however, so much the railroad man and politician that one remembers in Leland Stanford, as the great and beloved philanthropist, for the university which he and his wife founded at Palo Alto, in California, and which bears in memory the name of his only son, is perhaps a more solid and actual link between the East and the West than even the first Continental railroad. I was only twelve years old when one morning in Washington my father took me to call on Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, who showed us with pride and sadness the portrait of Leland

Stanford, Junior, which, heavily flanked with flowers, was reclining on an easel in the long drawingroom. It was then that the Senator first told us of his cherished dream of building a new university in the West, and of his earnest wish to have my father serve as a trustee of the institution and an executor of his will, though subsequently an appointment to the U. S. Circuit Bench by President Harrison made it necessary for my father to relinquish the honor offered him,—a decision which was received with tears by the Senator's widow, for she had relied on my father's friendship to support and guide her.

It is an unwritten law that a judge must not in any way be associated with persons or corporations, a legal solution of whose affairs is likely to come under the jurisdiction of his court. I have sometimes wondered if the students now at Stanford fully realize the many sacrifices and privations Mrs. Stanford imposed on herself, after her husband's death, in order to carry on to completion the work already begun at Palo Alto. She was often depressed and anxious during those first lonely days of her widow hood in San Francisco, especially while the suit of the Government against the Central Pacific was being tried, but, always fortified by hope and prayer, for she was a woman of deep religious convictions, she triumphed finally over all the obstacles which threatened her high ambition.

"Riches and possessions do not make happiness, my dear," she was fond of repeating to me. "The



Mrs. Leland Stanford

improvement of the soul is achieved only by one's daily actions,"—which illustrates the true principle behind her thought, that the more one gives the more one has to give.

Once, when Mrs. Stanford reached our house for luncheon quite breathless from a long walk up the hill, my mother remonstrated with her for not taking a carriage. "A carriage! Why, my dear, I can't possibly afford one," she said. Later, one day, when I was asked to tea with her, I was shown to the top floor of the big Nob Hill mansion, where Mrs. Stanford was installed in a cluster of small rooms in a far off wing of the house, in order to avoid greater care and expense. When I arrived, she was engaged in ordering a menu for her evening meal and stressing a point in household economics with her maid, which was indeed a wide and strange contrast to the last time I was with her in Washington, when I overheard a discussion as to whether she should wear yellow diamonds or sapphires with her Worth dinner gown.

And so it was that the life of this truly noble woman, in her declining years, was spent very modestly indeed, in comparison with the glory of her past.

During the early part of my father's Congressional life, and just preceding the 90's, the California delegation was composed of a very devoted band of friends and comrades. There were Felton, afterwards U. S. Senator; Morrow, now Judge Morrow of the U. S. Circuit Court, retired, and the only survivor of the little group; Markham, afterwards gover-

nor of the State; and Senators Stanford and Hearst. During the long sessions of Congress, the men were left to lead a bachelor existence, for at the first approach of the torrid weather, the wives and children fled away, if not to their homes, at least to some cooler clime. Senator Hearst, the father of William R. Hearst, the prominent journalist and capitalist, was a Democrat, and in the minority, but in spite of opposite political creeds the delegation as a whole enjoyed the warmest and most friendly affinities, a trait notably characteristic of Californians. Senator Hearst had a delightful and spacious house, and dispensed his

hospitality with a princely hand.

On one jovial occasion when the little group was being feted by Mr. Hearst, the host was found busily engaged in cutting out a clipping from the evening paper. "Some young rascal of a reporter," he said, "declares here that I am the most poorly dressed man in the California delegation." "And pray then," asked my father, "Why are you trying to preserve so libelous an article about yourself?" Whereupon the Senator chuckled and said: "Poole of London makes all my clothes. He has the reputation of being the best tailor in the whole world, so I think the joke's on him, and I'm sending him this criticism of my apparel, with my compliments." Shortly afterwards, one of the jovial Forty-niners happened to repeat this story to Mr. Hitt, who was able to match it with another about himself. "I can go you one better," he said, producing a clipping of his own, in which some enthusiastic reporter had been too lavish in praising the cut of the coats worn by the gentleman from Illinois. "Why, look here," said Mr. Hitt, "I am the best dressed man in the House, and my wife is the best dressed woman in the world, with jewels equal to those of a queen. And the audacious young scribe was very much perturbed when I told him that this sort of stuff was excellent material for my opponents to use against me in our next campaign."

In point of fact political exigencies made Mr. Hitt much too modest, for the truth was that both he and Mrs. Hitt were noted for the distinction and good taste of their sartorial repertoire.

Robert R. Hitt, in spite of the too zealous journalist, had never any reason to fear that his constituents would not return him to Washington. He was elected to the 47th Congress in 1882 to fill a vacancy, and to eleven succeeding Congresses, serving till his death. For many years he was chairman of the important committee on Foreign Relations. His valuable associations with Lincoln earlier in life, his long and useful career in the House, his delightful personality, his genius for friendship, combined with the beauty and charm of his wife, made their house one of the most interesting in Washington. Mr. Hitt died at Narragansett Pier, September, 1906. In a letter written to me on that same date in 1926, my father recalled the sad fact of the friend's death; and when death also claimed him the following November a wreath of beautiful flowers from Mrs. Hitt bore the inscription: "From an old and sorrowing friend."

ONCE, when I was a young girl, I asked Mr. Hitt to explain to me, if he would, the source and reason of the oft repeated belief that he and John Hay, both noted English scholars, were frequently called upon by Lincoln to edit his speeches. Mr. Hitt shook his head, refuting the very idea of such a thing, and said, with a benign vehemence, "My dear little girl, don't you know that Lincoln's ideas were born crystal pure, without the stain of original sin, as it were, which was the true secret of their wisdom and their power. It is the very perfection of them that has engendered all the scepticism."

Mrs. Hitt lives alone now on Dupont Circle, in what has been said to be the handsomest house of the period in this country: but handsome as it is, it can not hold the dear and gay memories of the old K Street residence, where for half a century the Hitts entertained the finest minds in Washington. It was not an uncommon thing at tea time to find there Tom Reed, James G. Blaine, Walter Phelps, John Hay, Admiral Dewey, Henry Adams, and Theodore Roosevelt, all forgetting the cares of office and basking in the sunshine of congenial friendships, resembling and holding much of the serenity, beauty and wit of the salons of an older country and day. It was good to hear Tom Reed's "Immense!" boom out after one of Mr. Hitt's good stories, and enjoy the hearty laughter of Admiral Dewey over a fresh yarn at his own expense; to ponder over some sage opinion of Mr. Blaine's, to listen to John Hay's criticism of the

newest books, to note the intellectual though pardonable snobbery of Henry Adams, and to be prepared for Mr. Roosevelt's emphatic "delighted" as the beautiful and gracious hostess lemoned or creamed their cups for these knights of the tea table. No one has ever taken her place. I so enjoyed the informal afternoons that Mr. and Mrs. Hitt presented to me as a wedding gift a duplicate of their own exquisite tea set associated, as it was, with so many happy and

profitable hours.

Joseph G. Cannon, whose likeness occupied a prominent corner in my father's gallery, as well as in his heart, and whose death preceded my father's by just two weeks, held the office of Speaker of the House longer than any other statesman in the history of the country. There was undoubtedly a considerable resemblance in the personal appearance of the two men, so much so that they were often taken one for the other. Once when my father was waiting in the Pennsylvania Station in New York to board a train for Washington, the very courteous station master informed him that the train would not be made up for some time, owing to an unexpected change in the schedule. "But if you will follow me, Mr. Cannon," he added, "I'll show you to the private office of the superintendent, where you will find it cooler and more comfortable." "But I'm not Mr. Cannon," said my father; "I'm only Mr. Justice McKenna. "Won't that do?" Certainly, Mr. Justice. Come right along," said the official, who for the sake of the record, it must be set down, smilingly remembered the Justice as himself, and not Mr. Cannon, the next year and for every year thereafter.

OF ALL my father's colleagues the one who held chief place in his affection and esteem was William McKinley. It was a feeling which the President himself, as he often told me, fully reciprocated and relied upon. And yet their loyalty to each other was once put to the most unforeseen and perplexing of tests. The story in substance, as I remember it, is this. During the 51st Congress Tom Reed of Maine was a candidate for Speaker of the House. He was a man of commanding size and immense intellect, with the most compelling and sonorous voice that I think I have ever heard. William McKinley was also a candidate, and quite naturally expected my father's vote. unaware that it had been pledged many months before to Reed. Upon learning that McKinley was seeking the office my father promptly put the question to him: "Now, what would you do, Bill if you were in my place? I promised my vote to Reed before I knew that you were to be in the race." McKinley replied, honestly but disappointedly: "A promise is a promise, Joe."

In the early days of their Congressional association my father and Mr. McKinley very frequently if not always addressed each other as Bill and Joe, but after McKinley's elevation to the Presidency I never again heard my father use the old familiar name, except in the first abandonment of his grief on hearing of the cruel death of his martyred friend. —Reed was

elected Speaker. The revelation that McKinley had lost the speakership by only one vote was a blow to my father in spite of his very high regard for Reed. Once before, in 1884, my father's vote decided the fate of the Speakership. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, was the leading candidate, and as the House was strongly Democratic, his election seemed secure, when another Richmond, with a large following, suddenly appeared in the field. Carlisle, in a panic, asked my father, an old friend, if he might have his vote, and, as a Republican could not possibly covet the throne in so Democratic a dominion, my father was glad to scratch his ticket for the only time in his life, with the single exception of a local election when he voted for James D. Phelan for Mayor of San Francisco.

Mr. Phelan has made a special place for himself in the hearts of all men of all parties, for his devotion and service to his State, whether at home or in the United States Senate, have been long and honorable. If I were to hear of the beauties and wonders of California for the first time, I should choose to hear of them from the lips of this distinguished Native Son. Mr. Charles Olcott, in his admirable life of McKinley, says that: "This decision, that is the defeat of McKinley, as later events proved, made an excellent alignment of two distinguished leaders. Mr. Reed possessed qualities that made him one of the most brilliant and powerful Speakers in the history of the American Congress. He ruled with a rod of iron, and earned the soubri-

quet of 'Czar'. He found the House demoralized and the majority unable to transact business, because of the obstructive tactics of the minority. He took the lead in formulating a new set of rules, and enforced them with conspicuous ability and boldness. In all this he had the support of McKinley, his leading opponent, whom he appointed chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the most important committee in the House." Mr. Olcott further points out

that the committee was exceptionally strong.

William McKinley, chairman, became president of the United States: five members became United States Senators: two succeeded to the chairmanship of the committee; four became governors of their respective states: John G. Carlisle, who had already served as Speaker of the House, later became Secretary of the Treasury; Breckenbridge represented the United States as Minister to Russia; Joseph McKenna became Attorney General and later an associate justice of the Supreme Court, on which honorable bench he served for twenty-eight years, twice during that time, by reason of seniority, being called upon, after the death of Fuller, and again after that of White to serve as Acting Chief Justice. Every member of the Ways and Means Committee had his share in the framing of the famous McKinley tariff bill, which has been described as "Protective in every paragraph and American in every line and word."

The new tariff went into effect October 6th, 1890. On one occasion, some years later, when my father was returning from a summer in Europe, there was

considerable delay in the examination of his luggage at the pier. While he sat patiently waiting his turn amidst the confusion of trunks being opened and overhauled, statements read and disputed, my brother turned to him and said jestingly: "Well, father, how do you like this procedure? You were partially responsible for it. I do believe you've even declared your new tooth brush." "Yes, I have," retorted my father, good-naturedly. "It's a very fine English brush, too." As a matter of fact it must have added ten cents to the amount of his custom charges.

At the Republican National Convention in St. Louis in June, 1896, Reed and McKinley were again rivals, each seeking the nomination as candidate for the Presidency of the United States. McKinley was the successful one this time, and there are many who believe that in defeating McKinley's chances for the speakership destiny was but leading him along the victorious path that blazed the trail first to the highest office in his own state of Ohio, that of Governor, and then further and finally to the White House.

SHORTLY after being elected President, McKinley wrote and asked my father to join his Cabinet, which honor it was deemed at first, for family reasons, expedient to refuse; but finally, upon the receipt of several pleading telegrams in which the President said: "I want you, and I need you", my father went to Canton "to talk it over," with the result that the portfolio of Attorney General was offered to him and accepted.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND CABINET

My father was a Catholic, and while in those days there might easily have lurked in the back of some provincial minds a prejudice against the most ancient church of Rome, protests then were but feeble whispers, and had not yet assumed the alarming proportions of a cogent reason for barring an honorable man from holding honorable office. One over bold person went so far as to intimate to President McKinley that the Senate might not confirm Judge McKenna's appointment because of his religion. "What then, Mr. President?" he asked. The President, taken by great surprise, and indignant, replied: "Very well, then, I'll send Judge McKenna's name to the Senate until it is confirmed." My father held the office but a few months.

During those months a most perplexing problem arose for him to solve. Secretary Alger, a Protestant, had granted to the Catholic prelate of West Point a tract of land on which to build a chapel. The government, through my father, who was after all but the attorney for the government, made a request for the return of the land, claiming that it belonged to the United States, and therefore could not be rightly transferred to any individual or church whatsoever. This decision called down none too gentle anathemas on his head by some overzealous Catholics. My father then sought an interview with Cardinal Gibbons, one of the wisest and most just of the princes of the church. The good cardinal took both my father's hands in his, and said: "My son, my business is the salvation of souls. Yours

is the unravelling of weighty legal questions, and I know of no man better qualified to do so. And may God bless your task."

Almost simultaneously with the published announcement of President McKinley's choice of cabinet officers, thousands of messages of felicitation came pouring in ; for my father was the first man but one west of the Mississippi River ever to sit in a President's cabinet, a distinction of which California did him the honor to be duly proud. Our journey across the state, all the way from San Francisco to the sage brush dunes of the Nevada plains,-the first stage of our migration to Washington,—was a living illustration of it. Delegates from every city and township met us with speeches, fire works, flags and flowers. The first telegram of congratulation which my father received was from one of the most loyal sons of the golden west,—John W. Mackay. The length and ardor of his friendly enthusiasm measured a good four pages, which so surprised and amused my little sister that she exclaimed playfully, "Oh, this nice man must own the telegraph!"—never realizing that she had put her finger on the truth. The second telegram, in direct contrast, was from Tom Reed, and contained but one word: "Immense!"-which was his favorite adjective, one too that some of us in our own family adopted forever after as a synonym of approbation.

Thus again were McKinley, Reed, and McKenna brought together in Washington, their bond of friendship more strongly cemented than ever. Tom Reed, whose style was very like the English Chesterton of today, often indulged in paradoxes, and none so true as his favorite comment on his rival: McKinley is loved, even by his enemies."

It would be even nearer the truth to say that McKinley never had any real enemies. The President's own incredulity in the enmity of any of mankind for him was shown at Buffalo a few minutes after he was shot, when he turned to Mr. Cortelyou. and out of his mortal agony uttered the memorable words: "Don't let them hurt him." And again, with greater pity and charity when he whispered: "It must have been some poor misguided fellow." It was the Spirit of the Master that dominated his life, illuminating his character with the strength and beauty that gave to it a quality of the highest sublimity. It was this quality which so often and so completely unarmed his adversaries. "D." him!" I once heard a very irascible old man exclaim, who had a special grievance against the administration, "I wish McKinley were not so nice. It makes it d . . difficult for a fellow to express an opposing opinion. One can never go the whole way of anger with him."

Mr. Charles Emory Smith, in his memorial address before the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, on March 4, 1902, thus summed up those elements of popular winsomeness which President McKinley possessed in a far greater degree than any public man I have ever known: "He went over the land and across the Continent, and his engaging per-

sonality and rare powers of oratory won their persuasive way. A face of sweetness and light: deep set and piercing eyes under a Websterian brow; a personal fascination which took hold of all who came within its influence; a voice sympathetic, resonant and full of vibrant melody; a style of limpid clearness and simplicity, tipped at times with the divine flame of eloquence; an almost unrivaled power of seizing the central and controlling facts, and presenting them with sharp, luminous, and convincing force; the allied faculty of clarifying and crystallizing a truth or an argument in a phrase or an epigram; the capacity to take the tumbler from the table on the platform and make it the illustration, lucent as the sunbeam, of a theory, or policy, so that the simplest child could understand, and the memory carried it forever; and over all that subtle and indescribable charm of sincerity and suavity which is irresistible-such were the rare attributes which swayed and carried vast multitudes."

If the mesmeric charm of President McKinley was so felt by the political multitudes, how much more vividly must it have been exerted upon those, like ourselves, who were thrown into almost daily association with him in Washington!

It has been repeatedly said that the McKinley administration was socially dull, owing to the poor health of the mistress of the White House. As a matter of fact, President McKinley entertained constantly, so much so that his salary, small and most

inadequate, even for those days, was entirely exhausted at the time of his death. The White House was then greatly in need of renovation, and sadly old-fashioned. During the Roosevelt administration, under Mrs. Roosevelt's experienced supervision, McKim, Mead and White, the famous New York architects, made extensive alterations and additions, more worthy of the residence of the first Gentleman of the Land.

It was the custom of the President to receive his friends in the morning at eleven o'clock, and the various delegations so often visiting Washington at three o'clock in the afternoon. Only occasionally did he make any demands on his gentle wife to assist him at these rather public functions. Mr. McKinley usually stood at the entrance to the Blue Room, shaking hands with each caller, and pronouncing faithfully each name after the announcement made by his aide, which was the secret of his gift and ability to recall any one who made him a second visit. Mrs. McKinley, when she was present, would remain seated by his side, holding in her hands a few violets or orchids, a fragrant and pretty armor against the fatiguing ordeal of hand shaking. Once when I was asked to assist her, I stood for so long a time by her chair that I found myself counting the pearls in Mrs. Polk's necklace; her portrait, which hung directly opposite us, is fixed indelibly in my mind, and I was truly grateful to her for being so handsome.

"Aren't you weary, Mr. President?" I asked at



PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY

the end of the reception. "Not very," he replied, "for I never permit any one to clasp my hand first. I do all the shaking myself. It is the shaking that tires one."

General Washington on similar occasions received in full afternoon dress, of black velvet and knee breeches, one yellow gloved hand holding his cocked hat, while the other rested on the hilt of his sword; he greeted his visitors with a dignified bow, the position of his hands indicating that the salutation was not to be accompanied further. Mr. Hoover has decided thus early in his administration that hand shaking is too exhausting, and so once more that ceremony is to be omitted. But what will he do with his hands? That is the question, with no sword, no cocked hat and no bouquet! Perhaps, like Napoleon I, he will thrust his right hand into the breast pocket of his coat, not an ungraceful attitude.

DURING the latter part of the McKinley administration France presented a large, dark blue Sevres vase to the White House followed by another, its mate, during the Roosevelt administration. Jules Cambon made the presentation for France, and we were invited soon after to pass judgment. I remember remarking to John Hay, then Secretary of State, that I thought the vases severely plain, and he corrected me by explaining that when the work at the Sevres factory was turned out as perfectly as these rare specimens, they were never decorated with scenes or ornamentation, that embellishment being

reserved only for those pieces which did not reveal surfaces entirely flawless. Perhaps it is not generally known that the pair now in the White House are regarded as the most peerless in color, size and glaze in the world.

Any chagrin which I may have felt at not knowing this myself was obviated by the pleasant contact made with Mr. Hay's culture. Some years later, lunching one day at Dorchester House in London. with Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Reid being then the American Ambassador, I mentioned that I had been that morning to see a collection of Sargent's paintings and drawings, apropos of a portrait by Sargent of the Count of Turin, which faced me from the opposite wall of the beautiful dining room. Mr. Reid made many kind and interested inquiries as to my impressions of the pictures. Some I praised extravagantly; as to others I was only lukewarm. Mr. Reid laughed and said that he had once confessed to John Hay his lack of enthusiasm for certain of Sargent's works, whereupon Mr. Hay admonished: "Conceal it, Reid, conceal it!" "So you see we both have had a most profitable lesson in art from Mr. Hay."

My experience as the daughter of a Cabinet officer was in every way delightful, particularly so as the President's official family, in which I include of course the Vice President and Mrs. Hobart, was an unusually happy one. We were all very soon on terms of the most friendly intimacy. The President's sympathy with everything that we did and said was

of the most human and lively quality, not disdaining even an interest in the dresses of the ladies. I remember that at the first diplomatic reception at the White House Mrs. Gage, the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, wore a geranium colored velvet gown. It was startlingly lovely, and we were all enthusiastic in our praise of it. Mrs. Gage, however, did not arouse our envy by wearing it again, whereupon the President, recalling the beauty of the gown, inquired as to its fate. "Oh, I thought, Mr. President," replied Mrs. Gage, "that I ought to have a fresh frock for each of the receptions." "Oh, but, my dear lady," protested the President, "you have not done that one justice yet." Needless to say, we saw the geranium colored velvet gown again.

I could give many instances of similar acts of thoughtfulness and tact on the part of the President. It was the custom, after a large evening reception at the White House, to invite not only those in the receiving line, but also a chosen few from "behind the line," in the Blue Room, to stay on for a buffet supper, generally served in one of the large corridors up stairs. Sousa was then the leader of the Marine Band, and to the tune of one of his most popular and stirring marches, "El Capitan" or "The Stars and Stripes Forever," we would fall behind our distinguished host, who usually led us in procession through the East Room and on and up the grand staircase. It was on one of these occasions that the President noticed that there was no young cavalier for me, so

he laughingly bade me find "the first good-looking young man" I could, and bring him to supper.

I glanced around the Blue Room in despair and beheld there only august and important personages, none of whom I had the temerity to approach with my eleventh hour petition. Then, just on the threshold of the East Room, I was lucky enough to espy Archie Butt, whom I knew very well. I beckoned to him and told him that he was bidden to supper with the President. "Oh, but I'm not," he remonstrated. "Oh, but you are," I insisted. "The President has just told me to ask to supper—and you know an invitation from the President is a command—the first good-looking young man I could find. You are he."

When Mr. Butt was later duly presented to the President upstairs, he said: "Mr. President, little did I dream this evening, when I was dressing in my humble quarters, that I should be supping later with the President of the United States," The President made some laughing remark to the effect that fate plays sportive tricks, and in general was so very courteous and warm in his welcome that Mr. Butt spent the rest of the evening telling me what a charming man he thought Mr. McKinley was. I told the President next day that I had inadvertently though gladly done him a favor, for he had completely captivated a very good reporter on a very good Southern paper. Archie Butt in the years following, and especially during Mr. Roosevelt's administration, acquired great popularity, and an even more important familiarity with the White House, through his appointment as one of President Roosevelt's aides. When later he met an early death in the "Titanic" disaster there was erected in Washington a statue to the memory of his tragic valor.

The President's kindly attention to his guests was not confined to the White House. Once when he and Mrs. McKinley had invited a party consisting of several Cabinet officers and their wives on a trip through New England, the July heat was intense, and my father felt it extremely, as he was suffering from a digestive disturbance accompanied by a slight temperature. The President was frankly worried. There were but two state rooms on the private car, the one occupied by himself and the other by Mrs. McKinley. The President actually threatened to give up his state room, and put my father in it. My father remonstrated strenuously, declaring he simply would not have the President of the United States put out for him. The President persisted, and said: "All right, Mr. Attorney-General, there is nothing left for you to do but to get well." "All right, Mr. President," said my father, "I'll get well: if it kills me, I'll get well!" And he did.

HEN my father moved from the Attorney General's office to the Supreme Court, we of course ceased to be, strictly speaking, members of the President's "official family," though our relations with him remained none the less agreeable and close. The news of my father's translation from one office to

another came to me on an afternoon in January, when I was visiting with Mrs. McKinley in her sitting room at the White House. I used to think it a very pleasant room. From the windows there was a lovely view of the Potomac, and the walls and hangings, done in satin, were of the pallid blue so much affected in the 90's. There was a rosewood rocking chair, in which I must confess, one could be extremely comfortable, and matching it a black marble-topped "Empire" table, in the centre of which a Chinese blue porcelain lamp, oil burning, shed its radiance on a few books and flowers and Mrs. McKinley's knitting.

It was not a room which would have received endorsement of a modern interior decorator, yet it somehow always appealed to me with a certain sweet flavor of its own. About five o'clock the President came in, with his never-failing tender salutation for his invalid wife. He was wearing the traditional red carnation in his button hole. Turning to me, a little abruptly, he said: "Is your carriage below?" "Why, ves, Mr. President," I replied, arising in some surprise, as his words seemed to imply a dismissal of me. Taking the flower from his coat he continued: "I have just this moment sent to the Senate your father's appointment to the Supreme Court. I want you to go straight to the Department of Justice and congratulate him. I myself would much rather have been a justice of the Supreme Court than President of the United States," he added. "Take this carnation to him from me, with my love."

"And will you return at eight," the President urged, "as Mrs. McKinley will be alone, for I must be a stag tonight, in a bewildering forest full of lions who are roaring through Washington without their ladies." When, later, I returned to the White House, the clock was just striking the hour. I passed the President on the stairs, looking very handsome and dapper; but I noticed that the carnation in his lapel was pure white, which was at variance with his usual custom. It was not like him to change his colors: his was a steadfast loyalty in all things. "Have all the red carnations been plucked, Mr. President? Did father rob you of the last?" I asked in jest. "My wife doesn't like red," he said,—with which simple explanation he retraced his steps and accompanied me to the oval living room up stairs, where we found the mistress. "I forgot something, Ida," said the President, and, stooping to kiss her, he repeated his graceful act of the afternoon and pressed in her hand his little boutonniere. Such untiring devotion, such touching solicitude! It was almost appalling to be the object of such affection. Even as his breath was ebbing, in his last moments of life, Mr. McKinley gasped a helpful word for his beloved wife, and begged of others to sustain and cheer her. Oh, the infinite pathos of those tears, which could not wash away the lonely widow's grief, but which in time left her dry-eyed, sad and waiting until she gently died a few years later.

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President McKinley's note of nomination of Joseph McKenna for Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. And now that a single crimson carnation has come to be the token and badge of McKinley Day, I am always tempted to purchase a mate of purest white in memory of that little homely scene in the White House.

AS MEMBERS of the Supreme Court Circle, as when of the Cabinet, we continued to be, as the saying is, "in and out" of the White House nearly every day. Very often during the long, hot evenings of the summer of the Spanish-American War I take some pride in remembering that I was really able to be of service to the President in the entertainment of the guests who would collect informally in the private apartments up stairs. He used to like to hear me play the piano, and though the White House upright, truth to tell, was of a somewhat ancient vintage, and usually out of tune, I never hesitated to respond to his invitation. He would offer me his arm, and escort me across the room with all the dignity of a maestro exhibiting his show pupil. What my audience thought of the performance I can only surmise. I do know, that on occasions when the President seemed to me to be particularly tired, I was guilty of rendering my most advanced and classical selections. with a view to speeding the parting guest and releas ing him to his well earned repose.

An important historical event with which the White House is especially associated for me is the battle of Manila Bay, which was fought on Sunday, the first of May, 1898. My father and I, as our cus-

tom was on that day, went down early to pass the evening with the President and Mrs. McKinley, who, during that particularly hot and humid war summer, were in the habit of receiving their guests on the south portico. The breezes, if any, and the inspiring vista, including the lovely Potomac, and the superb height of the great monument, helped to make the gatherings there most agreeable. We passed through the door of the old stained glass partition, now discarded, which, since the days of President Arthur, screened off the public corridor, and to our surprise we saw the President crossing the great hall towards the Red Room. He was holding in his hand a large sheet of paper, several sheets in fact, of what proved to be dispatches, and the expression of his face was tense and serious. "There has been a big fight in the Bay of Manila," he said, without preamble or greetings. "We've had a cable from Dewey. The Spanish fleet has been annihilated."

Our first impulse on hearing the news was to shout for joy, but, repressing it, my father inquired whether there had been any casualties on our side. "Seven men injured. Poor boys!" replied the President. He had been on his way, it seems, to announce the great news to Mrs. McKinley, but now, turning and handing me the dispatches, he said: "Take these, Isabel, and read them to my wife. You are the first woman in the United States to know of the victory. Remember this in after years. This is history. You will find Mrs. McKinley in the Red Room."

The Red Room! It was the old Red Room with which were associated, and always will be, my recollections of my first appearance at the White House, when as a little girl of ten I was taken by Mrs. Gray, wife of Senator George Gray, of Delaware, to call on Mrs. Cleveland. I can still hear through the haze of years the voice of the old darkey servant who opened the door for us, as, with a manner truly Chesterfieldian, he said: "You will find Mrs. Cleveland in the Red Room. She is expecting you and the young lady."

Young lady, indeed! It was by far the most glorious moment of my childhood, and with a child's swift vividness of impression I took in at one glance the room into which we were being ushered by the gentle old servitor who had just promoted me to the dignity of ladyship . . . the intense redness of it. the tufted brocade on the furniture, the long windows through which one saw the white falling snow, for it was January and cold, the large mirror set in the high wooden mantelpiece and reflecting the white and red of blooming cyclamen in two vases, the brazen centre light of gas with all jets burning, the portraits against the ruby walls, likenesses of former mistresses of the mansion, Angelica Van Buren in her court costume, roguish with curls and feathers in her hair; Mrs. John Tyler in a simple white gown enriched with a necklace of pearls and a jewelled pendant on her forehead; Mrs. Hayes, life size, in garnet velvet, and beneath her a large red sofa on which sat Mrs. Cleveland. My heart went tripping fast as this first and fairest lady of the land rose to greet her matutinal visitors, for we were received sans ceremonie at eleven o'clock in the morning. She was in pale blue, trained and graceful, and her eyes, when she smiled her famous smile, seemed to be floating in a sea of light. I cherished for a long time her corsage bunch of fresh violets which she unpinned and gave to me as a souvenir of my debut in the White House. . . .

With Mrs. McKinley in the Red Room . . . the same old room, but for the addition of a portrait of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison to the collection of President's wives . . . I found Mrs. Hobart, Mrs. Alger, Miss Long, Mrs. Nelson Miles, Miss Barber, Mrs. McKinley's niece, and a few others whose names I do not now recall. I made my way somehow to the red sofa in its place beneath the portrait of Mrs. Hayes, and seated myself there still clinging to the dispatches which the President had given me. Added to my embarrassment, as I proceeded to carry out his instructions and read them, was my chagrin at not being able to pronounce correctly more than one-half the names of this Spanish Armada. "Don Juan de Austria" was the only one to fall glibly from my lips: and oddly enough this particular ship was salvaged, and afterwards assigned by the Navy Department to the Michigan Naval Reserves, to be navigated later through all the waters of the Great Lakes by one who was destined to become my brother-in-law,— Divie Bethune Duffield, of Detroit.

The President in the meanwhile had linked arms with my father and led the way to the Green Room, where they found the Vice-President, the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, Alger and Long, General Miles, General Corbin, Senator Mark Hanna, Mr. Cortelyou and Leonard Wood, who had not yet donned the picturesque Khaki of the Rough Riders. It was altogether a memorable evening,—one not wholly joyous, however, for every time the portentous words of the dispatch were repeated, "The entire Spanish fleet has been annihilated," the President would say: "Poor devils! Poor devils!" . . . with such genuine feeling that I found my own satisfaction in the success of our fleet tempered by the thought that the great heart of William McKinley was actually aching for his foes; for the destruction of the Spanish fleet was as complete and unprecedented in history, and as swift, as that suffered by the Egyptian Pharaoh when the waters of the Red Sea closed over the heads of his too confident hosts.

We remained at the White House until midnight. Even Mrs. McKinley overstayed the time apportioned an invalid, for our curiosity, interest and gratitude knew no bounds, as more and more messages came pouring in, some by way of one port, some by another. Such laudatory commendation of Dewey as we indulged in!—till someone naively remarked, "Oh, if he could only hear us!" And I think it was General Corbin who retorted drily, "He can't. He has cut the cables."

In the streets later the momentous tidings were shouted by sleepy news boys routed from their beds at three o'clock in the morning.

For days and nights extras were printed and circulated with lightning speed, and hearts thumped with excitement and anxiety at the very sight and sound of the ubiquitous newsboys. We, in our family, depended not on them, however, for enlightenment, but preferred to take our history first-hand, at its source. Every evening thereafter found us at the White House, where there was sure to be a nucleus of men, colorful and active in the public eye, either already claiming or aspiring to military service.

One evening, with General Miles and General Core bin, came Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt. with General Joseph Wheeler, too, -he who had once worn, if ever so gallantly, the uniform of a Confederate soldier. "Little Jo Wheeler" had served in Congress with my father, and had long been a popular and favorite figure in Washington. He was a little man, spare and short, wearing a beard in an almost beardless age; his face was wreathed in happy and proud smiles in spite of the decided smell of gunpowder in the air, for he was conspicuously content to be in the uniform of the Union once more, which he declared in a voice vibrating with feeling was the finest uniform in the world. "I thought my heart and allegiance lay only in Dixie Land," he said, "but I was wrong, for my heart lies North, East, South and West, wherever the Stars and Stripes are flying. General Lee thought he was right. I thought I was right. But I know now that Lincoln was right." And with his hand on the hilt of his new sword, General Wheeler, standing there under the crystal chandelier in the old Blue Room, raised his eyes, and quoted, with all the fervor of a man taking a solemn oath, those memorable words, "United we stand. Divided we fall!" No wonder General Grant could not accept the swords of such as he!

General Miles was then the ranking officer, and Roosevelt an enthusiastic but humble suppliant for a colonelship in the Rough Riders, not yet fully organized. I recalled this scene later, after only three short years, on the occasion of a small reception one Spring morning at the White House. Theodore Roosevelt was President, and as such Commander in Chief of the American Army. General Miles was among the invited guests, but had previously incurred the displeasure of Mr. Roosevelt by making various inimical, though he thought just, comments relative to some appointments in the Army. When the General was announced, the President, with a good deal of heat, reprimanded him within hearing of all the guests, which was indeed a stinging humiliation for the General, who replied, however, with soldierly dignity, "You have the advantage of me, Mr. President. You are my host and superior officer." And so, with a cold bow, he left the company. Then gossip flew right out of the open windows of the Blue Room, gathering no sweetness in its flight over the tops of fragrant syringas and other early shrubs hugging the white balustrade of the south portico, and the rumor persisted to the end of their lives that each thought the other in the wrong. It was a perplexing and regrettable incident, not unprecedented in Washington, and I have thought that perhaps both were wrong and both were right. Only three short years, and by a strange twist of fate the colonel of the Rough Riders had become a mighty idol,—his memory to endure as such through the oncoming ages of American history.

THE PAGEANT and celebration of welcome to Dewey in New York upon his return later to his native land, splendid and stirring as it was, was no less splendid and stirring in Washington, where he was so much at home, and where most of his friends and admirers were waiting to render almost delirious tribute to him. The President also was eager to greet again the highest officer in the navy, and had arranged to stand beside him on the grand stand erected near the Treasury Building for the purpose of review ing the processionals of people from both civil and military life. We were included among those invited to the stadium of honor, and so, under these delightful auspices, was I to see and meet for the first time the author of the great dispatch which I had read to Mrs. McKinley and her ladies.

The President himself presented me to the Admiral, and kindly took occasion to tell him that I was

the first woman in the United States to know and to read of the victory in Manila Bay. "How nice! How nice!" the Admiral genially exclaimed. "That makes us friends already, doesn't it?" And in my willingness to acquiesce I accused him of being a successful diplomat, too, thinking and hoping he would see in my allusion to diplomacy the approbation with which his sharp message of rebuke to the German admiral at Manila Bay was received in this country. I had in mind also the little verbal passage at arms between him and Prince Henry of Prussia at Hong Kong: It will be remembered that His Royal Highness, then in Chinese waters, came on board the Olympia to say good-bye to Admiral Dewey on the eve of his departure for Manila. According to Consul General Wildman, who was present, the Prince said laughingly, but looking Dewey in the eye: "I will send my ships to Manila to see that you behave." To which Dewey replied, courteously, "I shall be delighted to have you do so, your Highness. But permit me to caution you to keep your ships from between my guns and the enemy.

The Admiral saw my point at once, and answered, with a twinkle in his eye: "You know Prince Henry is a very nice fellow. And I'll tell you something else, if you'll promise not to tell. I think he thinks now,

that I'm a pretty good sort of fellow, too."

The fates staged still another meeting between these two, when each wearing the full naval uniform of an admiral, Dewey of the United States, and Prince Henry of Prussia, they met on the floor of the



Admiral Dewey

House of Representatives on the occasion of the beautiful and touching ceremony in memory of President McKinley. John Hay was the chosen orator, and his eulogy moved both men and women present to unrestrained emotion. I remember seeing Secretary Root shade his tear-dimmed eyes frequently during the delivery, and also that Prince Henry, leaning far forward in his chair, followed every word with respectful and attentive interest. Admiral Dewey took note of this too, and when he and the Prince met again in the evening at a reception given by Herr von Holleben, the German Ambassador, in honor of the distinguished visitor, the Admiral inquired of his Royal Higness if he had not been impressed by Mr. Hay's eloquence. "Yes, most certainly, yes," he replied. "I agree with all that was said in praise of the splendid and revered character of President McKinley. But you must not ask me to agree with Mr. Hay's advocacy of Republican principles of government, however much I may admire your country and her statesmen."

In view of subsequent events these remarks assume a somewhat ironical meaning, for Prince Henry could not then have foreseen that Germany would eventually throw off the purple garments of an imperialism which she had worn with ever increasing confidence in her divine right to do so since that crowning day at Versailles in 1871.

All through the triumphant jubilee, for a jubilee it really was, Dewey and McKinley stood side by

side, the President constantly shifting his position so that Dewey stood a little more prominently to the front. The President never for a moment assumed any of the homage offered, and only acknowledged, with a reverential salute, the flag as it was so frequently borne past us. Admiral Dewey often afterwards referred in terms of affectionate appreciation to the honor and courtesy of that generous and gracious act of his commander in chief.

Mrs. Dewey was a warm personal friend of mine, and naturally after her marriage to the Admiral I saw more and more of her distinguished husband. The marriage proved an unusually happy one. Whatever the discord of opinions on the outside, the peace and harmony and devotion of their home life remained unbroken. The Admiral's house on Rhode Island Avenue was supposed to have been a gift from the people of the United States, though in point of fact the total number of subscribers to the purchase of it was relatively very small, hardly more, I have heard it estimated, than fifty thousand. The bestowal of it as a wedding gift upon his wife caused a storm of the sharpest criticism, and lessened somewhat the tremendous popularity and acclaim that had inundated him upon his return from the Philippines. Misinterpretation of what the Admiral had intended as only a gallant gesture hurt him most deeply, and I have often heard him speak of the disappointment and pain of it with genuine feeling, almost of sadness.

The much discussed house still stands on Rhode

Island Avenue near Connecticut, though the rising tide of business on the latter thoroughfare has caused the abandonment of it for residential purposes. Admiral and Mrs. Dewey lived in it for some years after their marriage before moving into the large mansion which Mrs. Dewey still occupies on K Street. One evening just at dusk, before the transformations had been made in the Rhode Island Avenue house, I saw a young colored couple stop and gaze up at the unpretentious dwelling. The man was explaining to his companion that "Dat" was the house of the hero of Manila Bay, "de one dat de peepul gib 'im." And she, evidently expecting something much grander, exclaimed with the utmost disdain, "Dat li'l thing! Is dat what dey made all de fuss about?"

It has been said that a little man can never do a big thing, though a big man may sometimes do a little thing. Admiral Dewey gave to his country an empire,—he did more; he gave to his country the chance to reject that empire.

Admiral Dewey had for years a Chinese body servant called Ah Mah. Just before the battle of Manila Bay, and while the American fleet was still at Hong Kong, Ah Mah, having evidently heard rumors of impending conflict, begged leave to go ashore. The Admiral refused him permission for he had reason to suspect that the boy was thoroughly frightened, and would in all probability never return to the ship if he once got safely away from it. In order to allay his fears the Admiral explained to him that the battle if

any, would be "All same target practice." This seemed to satisfy Ah Mah, who remained contentedly aboard the Olympia, and came unscathed through the engagement at Manila. One day, in Washington long afterwards, the Admiral had occasion to order Ah Mah to bring him a certain box containing valuable papers. Ah Mah looked at his master apologetically, declaring that he had never seen the box "since the big target practice." "And that," said the Admiral, "is what Ah Mah calls my perfectly good battle."

I knew Ah Mah very well, for it was his chore always to bring in the variegated collections of gifts, trophies, medals et cetera, which the Admiral's visitors were ever eager to see and handle. The good-natured Oriental was a regular part of the Dewey menage for years, both in Washington and at their country place of Beauvoir, an attractive seat, which, as the saying went in the neighborhood, "all the English and niggers pronounced Beever." The Admiral, an excellent horseman, used to enjoy driving out to "Beever" behind his spanking team of bays, and a special feature of the excursion was the almost boyish delight he took in throwing nickels to the pickaninnies along the route. No matter how generous his supply or coins, his pockets would invariably be depleted of them by the time he reached his destination. Both the Admiral and Mrs. Dewey were "good providers."

One day I inquired the nature of a large volume over which I found Mrs. Dewey poring. She informed me quite seriously that it was one of her most prized

possessions, a collection of fine old recipes and good menus. "Whenever my husband or my guests compliment me on a good dinner," she said, "I write it down, with any pertinent remarks, for some are good for one season and occasion, and some for others. Being granted the privilege once of copying off certain of these choice menus I was amused to find under one the notation: "This is good to have when your husband late in the afternoon telephones that he is bringing out six men to dinner."

The question of precedence, always more or less vexatious in Washington, became at this particular time more acute than usual. It was rumored that Admiral Dewey claimed precedence even over the Secretary of the Navy. One evening Secretary Long was my neighbor at dinner at Senator John Kean's, and we had a long talk on the subject. I remember quite distinctly the Secretary's words. "From whom does Admiral Dewey receive his orders?" he asked me. "From you, Mr. Secretary," I replied. "Very well, then, am I not his boss?"-"But," he added, "over and above his official rank, Dewey is entitled to great personal recognition, as becomes a hero. He is a charming fellow, too, and if we were both seen walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, I am quite sure he would precede me, and properly, so, in attracting attention and adulation:"—which was a modest view for the Secretary to take, for he was one of the dearest of men.

Thomas Jefferson sought to avoid these social

storms by establishing the principle of pell mell, a choose your own partner kind of custom. Much can be said in favor of this cult for simplicity, but the very first minister to the United States, Mr. Anthony Merry, the representative of the English soverign, demurred against it with such vehemence that the State Department then appropriated to itself the sole right to sanction the rules of preferment. Mr. Jefferson, during the absence of his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, designated Mrs. James Madison, the wife of the Secretary of State as hostess, but as soon as she stepped out of the White House, she lost her glass slipper, thus resuming the rank of a cabinet officer's wife. Latterly, however, in the case of Vice President Curtis's sister and official hostess, the responsibility of decision was thrown by the State Department on the shoulders of the diplomatic corps, who, true to their vocation were most gallant to the lady, according her the same position as that of a wife, her true and lawful husband taking a modest seat below the salt.

Looking back on the Spanish American War, people speak of it now as "a mere skirmish", but for those who lived through it the "mere skirmish" seemed decidedly important. The blowing up of the "Maine" was for us a fact in history as momentous as that of the firing on Fort Sumter for our grandmothers. It was so dramatic in its suddenness. The very night of the explosion, as it happened, my sister and I were at a cotillon, — they still gave

cotillons in those days, and the men wore white kid gloves. One dapper young attaché from the Spanish Legation, who was dancing with my sister, attracted her attention by frequently removing his gloves and putting on a fresh pair. "Gloves must be cheap in Spain", remarked my sister, laughingly. "Oh, but mademoiselle, I could not run the risk of soiling the back of your beautiful white satin gown," said he, throwing the discarded pair under his chair where there was already a considerable accumulation of them. Poor young man! We never told him that towards the end of the evening we caught a glimpse of him down on his knees retrieving all the gloves which he had cast aside with such a superb gesture.

Next morning the world rang with the news of the disaster in Havana Harbor. When relations with Spain were broken off the young hero of the gloves came to say goodby to us. "We never dreamed the night of the cotillon what dreadful things were happening. Did we?" he said. There were tears in his eyes, and we were truly sorry to see him depart to his unknown fate. In the dissipation of ill feeling between the United States and Spain, which came about in due course, a potent factor was the popularity of Don Juan de Riaño, Spanish envoy to this country for a good quarter of a century.

Conspicuous among the many formal entertainments in Washington in my time was the dinner given at the White House in honor of Prince Albert of Flanders, then visiting in this country. It was, I

think, the most elaborate dinner of the entire administration. The state dining room was not large enough to accommodate the number of guests, so the long corridor of the main floor was converted into a banquet hall for the occasion. The floral decorations were magnificent. The prevailing note was pink, exotically toned down with orchids of mauve and tender ferns interlacing the historic gold service.

There were quantities of other exquisite flowers adorning the various rooms of the White House. The Prince was obviously impressed, and much amused at the names of those which he particularly admired as designated to him by Mrs. McKinley,—"Enchantress Carnations" in the Green Room; "Sweetheart Roses" in the Blue Room; "American Beauties" in the East Room; and "Liberty Roses" in the Red Room. There were no toasts. The Marine Band played throughout and honored the Prince by playing the anthem of his country. His flag of orange, red and black, which hung for the first time in the East Room that evening, was later to grace many another dwelling in the land, high or low, when it became allied in the Great War with the Stars and Stripes of the United States.

The company invited to meet the Prince comprised a selection of notables culled from social and official Washington, including a goodly element of the younger set of that day, all of whom must be as proud as I am now to recall the time when they sat at the same board with that serene and blonde young man who was afterwards to become world renowned

as the heroic King Albert of the Belgians. The Prince, of course, was on Mrs. McKinley's right, and on his right was Miss Frances Alger, the daughter of the Secretary of War. I was fortunate enough to be placed directly opposite His Royal Highness, and also to have the chance of a little chat with him afterwards in the East Room; and again next evening I met him at the house of Count Lichtervelde, who was then the Belgian Ambassador. The Prince was extremely democratic and seemed very keenly alive and interested in all that he was seeing and doing in America.

Unfortunately, alas, for the ladies present at the reception, he was hurried off all too early in the evening, and I must admit not at all unwillingly, to a supper that was being given for him by the famous Gridiron Club, that happy quizzing post of all scribblers and journalists established for the special purpose of testing their sense of humor with the most acid of witty mockery, whose shafts were sometimes directed to one of the blood royal like Albert of Belgium, and again to a potentate of letters like Kipling—diverse characters, but all endowed with the highest intelligence, and meeting on common ground in complete rapport.

SOCIAL Washington was especially attractive throughout both administrations of President McKinley. Mrs. McKinley was beautiful, gentle, wistfully so, but very frail, and, though bravely trying to overcome the handicap of ill-health, was not able to take as active a part as she would have liked. Mrs.

Hobart, the wife of the Vice President, however, combined all the qualities that go to make a successful Washington hostess, and presided over many a notable function in the old Don Cameron house on Lafayette Square, which the Hobarts had leased for the season. The ladies of the Cabinet also had a share, and skilfully and gracefully augmented the round of festivities which are an inevitable part of a Washington winter. Their list was headed by Mrs. Sherman, wife of the Secretary of State, who was later to be succeeded by Mrs. Hay, the wife of John Hay, returning to Washington with the added prestige of his years in London as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Next in order of precedence were Mrs. Gage, and pretty Mrs. Alger, followed by Mrs. McKenna, my own dear mother; then Mrs. Gary of Baltimore, wife of the Postmaster General, who boasted seven lovely daughters, while Miss Long, daughter of the secretary of the Navy, Miss Bliss, of New York, daughter of Cornelius N. Bliss, the Secretary of the Interior, and Miss Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, were the unmarried trio.

The Supreme Court, although it precedes the Cabinet because the judiciary is one of the three coordinate branches of the government, I mention here—and no mention of social Washington is complete without some chronicle of what goes on in "Court circles". Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. White, wives of the two Chief Justices under whom my father served,

were conspicuously gracious hostesses in a city which was replete with lovely chatelaines. Mrs. Gray, herself the daughter of a Justice, Mr. Stanley Matthews, Mrs. Harlan, Mrs. Peckham, Mrs. Brewer and Mrs. Shiras worthily maintained their traditions in this field. Another home to which people were especially drawn by the cordiality of its welcome was that of Mr. Justice Brown, on Sixteenth Street, presided over by his beautiful wife, who was Caroline Pitts, of Detroit. There were at this time in that distinguished circle, as appears from the foregoing list, a Mrs. White, a Mrs. Gray, and a Mrs. Brown, all, as it happened, particularly notable for their pulchritude, but referred to jocularly, and perhaps a little irreverently, as "the colored ladies of the Court."

The embassies and legations were of course always brilliant contributors to the season's gayiety, headed by the British Embassy under Sir Julian, afterwards Lord Pauncefote. Things that were amusing as well as brilliant sometimes occurred, as they have a way of doing in the best regulated establishments. One evening as a party of us alighted from our carriage under that old familiar landmark, the porte cochere of the British Embassy, whither we had been bidden to a ball, we noticed in some surprise that the big house was quite dark. Had we mistaken the date, we wondered? No, for undoubtedly those were the sounds of revelry that reached our ears. When the portals were flung open to us, the mystery was solved. Hundreds and hundreds of wax candles were revealed



GROUP OF JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

glimmering bravely, trying to shed some lustre on the throng of guests. Lady Pauncefote, receiving us in one of the drawing rooms, in a blue brocaded gown, looked oddly subdued and shadowy. But in the ball room the candles, incredibly re-inforced and multiplied, achieved an effect of illumination which was decidedly becoming to the couples circling there in the waltz or the newest deux temps. "What a lovely idea!" we all exclaimed. "These candles give such a flattering light." One prominent hostess announced then and there that she meant to copy it. "Well, if you do," said Colonel Arthur Lee, the military attaché, now Lord Lee of Fareham, "I advise you to make sure of a plentiful supply of candles and matches. You'll need a squad of men to 'tend them, too!"

It seems the electric lights of the Embassy had gone out about ten o'clock, not to appear again. Attachés and secretaries were hastily summoned for a consultation, and the array of candles was the result. A general solicitation for them had been made of every neighbor and friend within a radius of a dozen blocks. Remember, this was the electricity of the 90's, which indeed had a way of snuffing out quite frequently on festive occasions. My uncle, Mr. Justice Brown, had suffered the experience so often that he finally adopted the plan of inviting an electrical expert to all his dinners . . . to station himself in the basement and guard against the repetition of such contretemps.

Colonel Arthur Lee, who came to Washington in the early 90's as military attaché of the British Embassy, won almost instant favor with the hostesses. He was good-looking, agreeable and of the world. His purse was not of silk in those days, but he managed nevertheless to attract and gather friends about him. Once, when I was asked to come and drink a dish of tea in his flat, I found myself climbing up a long flight of stairs to his simple quarters on one of the upper floors of a dwelling far removed from the smart world of Washington. Mrs. Nelson Miles, the wife of General Miles, herself a charming hostess was pouring tea at a small table; an earthenware tea pot, with a brown jug or two, was all that constituted the very modest service of the five o'clock rites.

Drinks are largely a matter of fashion, and as they were not then in such good form as they are now under "Prohibition", at that hour, cocktails were not missed. But from the bountiful table of her mother Miss Pauncefote brought real manna, luscious cakes and dainty sandwiches. It was such a nice tea party, including Miss Miles, Miss Patten, Admiral and Mrs. Cowles, and lovely Marian Michler, the wife of General Miles's aide, and, with others, Colonel Maaus. I can see that little room now, white and bare, the walls ornamented only with a large map of the British Isles, which I remember thinking was very decorative, a mantel shelf crowded with photographs of interesting people, including his soverign, Queen Victoria, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, a

large desk, careless with the litter of a busy man's correspondence, a few wooden chairs and the green tops of some flowering maples showing through the open window, the black plumes on Mrs. Miles's large and becoming hat nodding in the early spring air, and the kindred spirits of the good company are all so vivid and real. The regaling wit of Mary Patten, the polished suavity of our host's salutation to his guests, all were so mirthful and kind.

Colonel Lee subsequently married Ruth Moore of New York, a little lady of beauty and fortune. He returned to England and plunged almost immediately into public life, being elected to Parliment, from which he has made a steady and picturesque graduation towards a title and seat in the House of Lords. His fine country estate at Fareham was bestowed by him shortly after the World War on his country. I am sure the splendid entertainments given at Fareham could not have rivalled in pleasure those simple tea parties in Washington, with the old brown Betty tea pot and the humble little jugs.

Madame de Margery, the sister of Edmond Rostand, the poet genius of France, came to Washington as the wife of one of the attaches of the French Embassy. She was vivacious, small and dark, and it is hard to think of her now as very still in the great sleep. She had brought with her from France much of her eighteenth century furniture, which she, after being ordered away to a new and distant post, offered to dispose of at a private sale.

There was only one chair which my mother particularly admired, but with which Madame de Margery was loth to part, as it was a gift from her revered brother, to whom it had once belonged. On the eve of her departure, however, she relented, and permitted everything to be sold. The petit fauteuil, the Rostand chair, as it was called in our family, is in the style of the early Directoire, with an exquisitely carved lyre back in gold, but dull, with the patine of many years. It is at present in my own little drawing room in New York, but my friends usually eschew it, with the exclamation, "That's the Rostand relic, isn't it? Really too frail for utility." And so with this thoughtful boycott of my chair I hope to preserve its contours for a long time to come.

A MONG the senatorial houses to which I considered it a privilege to be asked to dine, or to drink a cup of tea, were those of the very handsome Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, who with Mrs. Eugene Hale, of Maine, achieved the unque distinction of being the daughter, the wife, and the mother of a United States Senator; of Senator John Kean of New Jersey, presided over by his gentle mother, who in the winter of her years was an absolute exemplar of a lady of the old school; of the lovely and genial Mrs. Wetmore, wife of the Senator from Rhode Island, with her two popular daughters; of Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, who bore in her cameo-like face the fine distinguishing marks of her Puritan ancestors; of Senator Chauncey M. Depew, who ushered in the Spring

season each year with the enjoyable novelty of a garden party in the spacious grounds of the old Corcoran mansion; of Mrs. John P. Jones and Mrs. Francis Newlands, representing Nevada, two lovely women more richly endowed with the social gift than any I have ever known. When, some years ago, the Daughters of the American Revolution presented the statue of the Father of their Country to France, Mrs. Jones was chosen as the most representative American women to untie the string at the unveiling in the Place des Etats Unis in Paris.

During the long invalidism of President Garfield, and when Vice President Arthur was heir apparent, he made his home and headquarters with Senator and Mrs. Jones, whose house was good naturedly referred to as "The Gray House", in order to distinguish it from the White House.

Not, strictly speaking, in official life, but closely connected with it by inheritance and tradition, were Harriet Lane Johnson, niece of President Buchanan, and in her day hostess of the White House, one, too, who had the distinction of entertaining there, and for the rest of her life of calling her friend, the prince of Wales, otherwise Edward VII, grandfather of that most popular young man of today. Mrs. Johnson was thought by many to resemble the Empress Eugenie. It was in 1898 that I saw her for the first time, at one of my mother's Monday receptions. She was in black velvet, with stole and muff of sable and the dearest little velvet bonnet topped with two



Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins

Wife of U.S. Senator Elkins of West Va., Daughter of U.S. Senator Davis of West Va., Mother of U.S. Senator Davis Elkins of West Va. tiny white ostrich plumes no whiter than her pearls and shiny blonde hair grown like snow with the years. She looked every inch as queenly as Eugenie. Unfortunately, like the Empress, she too had a harsh flat voice, at curious variance with her great beauty, which all beholders agreed was especially dazzling in the costume of the Second Empire in vogue in her youth, revealing as it did her exquisitely moulded shoulders

Another popular Harriet was Harriet Blaine Beale, daughter of James G. Blaine, one of our ablest secretaries of State, whose memory still potently endures in Republican annals, and whose delightful family life is so deliciously pictured in Mrs. Beale's collection of her mother's letters; and Mrs. Henderson, widow of Senator Henderson of Missouri, who still contributes to the gaiety of the District from the vantage point of Henderson Castle on Sixteenth Street.

It was at a dinner given once by Mrs. Henderson an incident took place which reveals the pitfalls lying in wait even for the wariest of Washington hostesses. The guest of honor was the Mexican Ambassador, the venerable Senor Aspiroz. Another guest was the Countess Esterhazy, an Austrian by marriage, but an American by birth, and proud of her American ancestry as one of the Carrolls of Carrollton. Unfortunately, in making up the list, Mrs. Henderson's secretary had not remembered that Aspiroz was the judge advocate general who had long ago decreed the death of the Austrian Archduke

whom Napoleon III had set up as Emperor of Mexico. Mrs. Henderson had of course placed the ambassador on her right, but some imp must have been at her elbow when she decided to put the Countess Esterhazy on the other side of him, for Mexico and Austria had not resumed friendly relations with each other since the execution of the ill-fated Maximilian.

The Countess as a loyal Austrian subject sat through dinner with growing doubts as to whether her presence there was not a grave breach of diplomatic etiquette. The doors of the Austrian Embassy were scarcely opened the next morning before she presented herself to offer the most abject apologies and explanations to Baron Hengelmuller, one of the most friendly and patriarchal of diplomats, who doubtless saw no difficulty in granting her absolution. At this same dinner, Mrs. Henderson had had the happy thought of placing next to Madame Asperoz one of the attachés of the British Embassy, Sir Charles Elliott, a famous linguist, master of a dozen tongues. Alas! Good Madame Asperoz spoke nothing but Aztec. "I give up," said Sir Charles, in mock despair, turning to his neighbor on the other side. "I don't know any Aztec."

One evening during that same winter, when I was dining at the German Embassy, I arrived to find Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven standing under the big light in the centre of the down stairs entrance hall. Mr. de Koven was scrutinizing most carefully, but with a troubled brow, the name on his card designat-

ing the lady whom he was to take in to dinner; while Mrs. de Koven was looking over her husband's shoulder, with an expression too of utter dismay on her handsome face. Fearing that I was late I hurried past them, and ascended the grand staircase in quest of my host. The de Kovens soon followed me, with a whisper in Holleben's ear which caused his monocle to drop suddenly from his eye, and his genial smile to vanish completely, as he motioned frantically to Herr von Bohlen, one of his attachés, and engaged him in the language of the Fatherland in a long and curious moment of animated conversation, at the close of which von Bohlen made a hurried exit toward the dining room. There were many conjectures as to what was happening, no one hazarding, or even guessing the real reason for the considerable delay in announcing dinner. Had a guest failed to arrive? Was someone ill? Had a carriage been wrecked? Or was it only an anarchist's bomb?

It was a most consequential dinner. Many sovereigns were represented. There was the homely and plump little dark Minister from Portugal, with a wife greatly renowned for beauty. And from Sweden and Norway there was Grip, a droll but appropriate name for one hailing from the far north. From Italy there was Meyer des Planches; from Russia there was Cassini, with his niece, upon whom the title of Countess was bestowed, though the fairy tale did not end there, nor did she live happily ever after. France too was invited to the dinner: indeed the French and

German Ambassadors were often in each other's company during those days. It was a familiar sight to see Holleben and Cambon walking together like too friendly, smiling and pleasant pals. I used to observe that they had at least one characteristic in common, for they walked each with hands clasped behind his back: Rhode Island Avenue was traversed almost daily in this fashion. Two accomplished diplomats! And were they actors, too? I have often pondered on this, since;—it seems to me now that diplomacy is a thing very fragile and always mysterious, that as soon as it ceases to be mysterious it ceases to be diplomacy, for was it not scorched by the first hot breath of suspicion to be entirely and quickly consumed in 1914 when Germany's war monster contemptuously dubbed a solemn treaty a mere "scrap of paper?"

I was still counting diplomats on my fingers when von Bohlen returned to the reception room. He offered me his arm at once, with a sigh of relief, and explained that after occupying most of the afternoon in studying the map of Europe in order to facilitate the placing of the guests at table in acordance with their rank and position, he was after all obliged to change the boundaries, a nerve racking procedure, to be sure. It seems that Mrs. Robert McCormick, of Chicago, and our Ambassadress to Austria, was the innocent cause of these last minute maneuvres in the dining room, for her father, Mr. Medill, had in the days of his proprietorship of the Chicago Tribune,

made in that journal some caustic remarks on Senator Farwell, Mrs de Koven's father, and Mr. de Koven, like one of the gallant knights in his own "Robin Hood," had chivalrously espoused his wife's cause, and did "not choose" to sit so near an arch enemy of the family. It was after all only a tempest in a tea pot, but it made a good story, which von Bohlen kept referring to in his confused English as only an "international affair", and which I, amused, kept correcting and reminding him was internal rather than international. There remained, however, for von Bohlen still another and grimmer chance to lend a helping hand at changing the boundaries of the map of Europe, for he later married Bertha Krupp, one of the owners of the famous Krupp works.

von Bohlen, who at the time of his marriage, adopted the hyphenated name of Krupp-von-Bohlen, inherited the latter half, curiously enough from an American mother, Miss Bohlen, of Philadelphia. I remember him as suave, blonde, and fond of the ladies, while Bertha Krupp I have heard described as dark, large and masterful. It was for her the "Big Bertha" was named. When I was visiting in Paris last winter nearly everyone had a pet anecdote to tell of experiences encountered during the bombing of the city by that monster gun and other air raiders, which so menanced and harassed Paris almost constantly throughout the last agonising months of the war. As is often the case, the braver the hearts and the more imminent the danger, the more humorous was the tale. The

sounding of a big siren was the alarm signal for all to seek shelter, and no matter at what hour or occupation, whether asleep or awake, there would be a general stampede for the underground regions.

An artist told me that on one such occasion the cellar of his apartment house, in which there were many studios, resembled nothing so much as a fancy dress party. One little lady, who had, in years past, been a leading actress of the boulevards, was always the last to arrive. Breathless, with a fluttering heart, and holding aloft in each hand a canary bird in its cage, she would make a real "entrance," and express the most elaborate regrets at being tardy. "I was just taking my tub—j'etais nue—j'etais toute nue!" she would explain, with the most dramatic emphasis. Once, at three o'clock in the morning, the siren sounded long and loud, and the cave filled up quickly with terrified and sleepy folks, but the little lady, true to form, accompanied as ever by her precious song birds, recited her lines faithfully as usual: "Messieurs et mesdames, forgive me for being late. I was just taking my tub. J'etais nue-j'etais toute nue!'-Ah, the siren! The prompter which reminds me that I have digressed a long way from my native shores, and must return to Washington.

Outside of official life, but hardly less important in the social activities of the capital, another charming group calls for mention. There was Mrs. Richard Townsend, whose house with its lovely French facade and the adjoining gardens is still the most admired in

Washington, and on the other side of Massachusetts Avenue were the Larz Andersons in their palazzo, and the Patten sisters, whose attractive Sunday afternoons at home, an innovation in the 90's, have endured in popularity to this day. Further down were the Westinghouses, in the old Blaine mansion on Dupont Circle. Mrs. Fairfax Harrison and Mrs. George Corning Fraser were among the beautiful younger matrons. The weekly musicales of Mrs. de Koven were an agreeable after dinner diversion.

Another hospitable house was that of the Boardmans, whose daughters became, one the wife of Senator Crane of Massachusetts, another, Mable, president of the Red Cross, crowning a life of interest in philanthropy by her efficient leadership of that great organization in the most glorious chapter in its history. Mrs. John Davis, now Mrs. Charles McCauley, a noted beauty of the former administration, Marjorie Nott, now Mrs. Victor Morawetz of New York, Mrs. Benjamin Warder and her daughters, the Arthur Lees, the Glovers, the John R. McLeans, the Riggses, the McVeaghs, the Forakers, the Leiters, the John W. Fosters, Mrs. Hope Slater, the Olmsteads of Harrisburgh—the list would be sadly incomplete if I did not set down the names of each and every one of these.-Mr. and Mrs. Stanley-Brownthe latter sweet Mollie Garfield-Mrs. Julia Dent Grant—, the widow of General Grant, was far advanced in years when I met her first at a large luncheon which she was giving in honor of her grand daughter, the exquisite Vivian Sartoris.

Although Mrs. Grant was not a pretty woman, her immediate family, with which she was surrounded,—her children and her grandchildren—were all quite noted for their comeliness. There was her own daughter, Nellie, who married Mr. Sartoris in the White House, and the daughter in law, Ida Honore—the twin in beauty to her sister, Mrs. Potter Palmer,—who came to Washington as the young wife of Frederick Dent Grant: she is now living out her life in distinguished seclusion.

One day after the birth of Princess Cantacuzene, her first grandchild, Mrs. Grant happened to meet my mother, and in announcing the wonderful news begged to boast of la petite's choice and the natal day, but my mother, who had also just become a grandmother, thought that she surely had the Ace of Trumps up her sleeve and retaliated with the proud claim, "Oh! but my grandchild was born on the Fourth of July!" "And so was mine," beamed Mrs. Grant. "And now the honors are even."

Not to forget the bachelors, some of them turned Benedicts since those days, there were Constantine Brun, the Danish Minister, who is still in Washington presiding smilingly over the destinies of his happy little country; James W. Wadsworth, junior, later senior senator from New York, a progressing young man who has been "progressing nicely" ever since; and a distinguished trio who maintained a joint menage,—Mr. Justice Moody, Frederick W. Gillet,

afterwards speaker of the House, and General Crosier, the inventor of the most improved rapid fire gun of the day. General Crosier used to invite us every Spring to a tea on board his yacht, cruising up the river as far as Mount Vernon. The banks of the Potomac, fringed with new verdure, the orchards wild with fulsome blossoms, the peaceful waters, the tolling of the ship's bell, in accordance with the maritime custom of all vessels passing the home of the great First President, aroused a series of irrepressible emotions in the hearts of all good Americans present,—and even those from other and alien lands who were of the company.

A benign and reverent hush would fall upon us, as we beheld the familiar white columns and sloping green lawns, a spell which lingered throughout our entire return journey, from the home and tomb of Washington to the beautiful capital named in his honor. With the falling twilight one heard the lazy, sensuous music of a lullaby crooned by a black madonna framed in the doorway of a lowly river hut, accompanied by the staccato notes of the invisible night frog. The illusive fire flies, dancing in the tall grasses along the borders, and the new moon flinging down bars of quicksilver in our path, gave an eerie effect, dissolving gently like the little clouds before the rising stir of night, as we sighted the spire of the old Christ Church in Alexandria, that sleepy Virginia town of precious memories. Here the Washington family worshipped, and here the young George



JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

JUSTICE HARLAN JUSTICE SHIRAS JUSTICE PECKHAM JUSTICE BREWER

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER

JUSTICE WHITE JUSTICE GRAY

JUSTICE BROWN

JUSTICE MCKENNA

danced the minuet with Sally Fairfax in General Braddock's robin blue ball room. But to all of us the last stages of our little excursion were the most impressive, as the city swung into view again, the slender shaft of the Monument measuring its majesty against the deepening sky, and beyond it the dome of the Capitol, encrusted with a thousand lights, like a huge crown blazing with jewels.

Frank A. Vanderlip, also a bachelor then, and assistant secretary of the Treasury, devised a unique form of entertainment for the long sultry automobileless evenings of the Washington summers. From some official of the road he would engage a trolley car de luxe, fitted up with comfortable arm chairs, chintz curtains and pretty rugs, stock it with delicious picnic things, and take a party of us off into the country as far as the two trolley tracks would permit, for supper. Even the modern flapper might have found the novelty of it all great fun.

There would be a very lamentable hiatus in my chronicle if I did not recall and record here the famous Christmas day egg noggs of General and Mrs. Maury, which became a recognized event of the Washington calendar. The guests, alas, consisted only of men, no women ever being present except Mrs. Maury and her two daughters, Alice, now Mrs. Parmelee, and Nanna Bell, who presided at either end of the table. The beverage which they ladled out, thick and golden, was brewed from an old receipt long treasured in the Maury family, and on the

twenty-fifth of December, year after year, was quaffed by a band of the best known men in the capital, from the Chief Justice down. A never failing guest during all his residence in Washington was the affable and loquacious Mr. Wu, the Chinese Minister, whose palate did not, apparently, find any more difficulty in the degustation of this characteristically American drink than his tongue did with the American language, and who certainly, if he still were living, would drop a tear with the rest of us over the extinction of this fine old Virginia custom by the eighteenth Amendment.

Henry Cabot Lodge, who lived in the next house to the Maury's found it most convenient to leave his top hat and cane at home while he slipped through the rear entrance past the amused staff in the kitchen into the cheer of the dining room, where he did full justice to the General's taste in spirits, trebly mixed but so cleverly that not one of the wise men present could define the true ingredients, —Do you taste the brandy? No—but I do taste the whiskey—How can you when I taste rum? And I taste sherry. But there's not a drop of sherry in it.—And so ran the comments, but all agreeing as to the perfection of this ambrosial blend, while Mr. Lodge crept slyly home again by way of the same back door—he for whom every front door in Washington was open.

Opposite the Maurys' lived Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, a delightful personality, with a charmed and most prolific pen. The term "best sellers" did not exist then, but Mrs. Burnett's novels enjoyed sales among the readers of the 80's and 90's quite large enough to qualify them for that category. Everybody knew and loved "That Lass o' Lowrie's", "A Fair Barbarian", and "Surly Tim", but of course she is more widely known as the authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy", that pet romance of our childhood. Young brothers were not bobbed quite so early in those days,—their locks were curled and their little suits patterned after the young Fauntleroy, but fashions have a way of changing in heroes, as in everything else, and though there was undoubtedly a brave heart beating under the black velvet blouse of his golden-haired Lordship, I understand that the youth of today, with their revised notions of what constitutes a good sport, now regard with scorn the extreme gentility of Mrs. Burnett's little nobleman.

I have not yet mentioned the Army and Navy, but the omission is not due to the absence of the pleasantest recollections of invitations to their houses. General Miles and his wife and daughter were notable figures of the period. There were, too, the adjutant general, Henry C. Corbin and his handsome wife, and the lovely family of Commander Emory, the rescuer of the Greeley expedition. Mrs. Emory has often told me of the moment when she was first informed of the Navy's intention to send her husband on the hazardous mission, to the North Pole. It was at a large luncheon given to Mr. Robson, lately appointed Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Emory was

The question of Greeley's tragic plight was discussed, and Secretary Robson announced as great news that he had just interviewed Emory at the Navy Department and given him his orders to sail at once in search of the missing explorers: whereupon Mrs. Emory swooned. "Who is that pretty little blonde lady who is so indisposed?" enquired Mr. Robson. "That is Mrs. Emory," his neighbor informed him, "and you have shocked her almost to death." "Mrs. Emory!" repeated the abashed secretary. "Mrs. Emory? The deuce it is!"

General and Mrs. Bates and Admiral and Mrs. Clover, the latter a daughter of Senator Miller of California, were also frequent and generous hosts. Mrs. Clover was pledged to her two little daughters to give each year, during the Christmas holidays, a costume party for children. Many a fond parent was asked, besides, to share in the pleasures of the afternoon, and it was here that I saw for the first time Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, acting in the role of pater familias. The children adored him, for he led them in many a game of fun and frolic. The kiddies of the Far East were considered especially pampered, for they had only to don the dress of their own countries to be appropriately apparelled as a part of this pretty picture of riot and color. Mr. Wu's son was accosted by one little American boy in the savage guise of an Indian chief, who demanded, not any too gently, "Are you a real Chinaman?" Since then, that little almond eyed lad has grown to be a man, and following in the footsteps of his much lamented father, is at present engaged in steering the national policies of poor turbulent China.

Other notabilities of naval life then were Commander Gibbons, afterwards naval attache at London; Richmond Pearson Hobson, a tremendous celebrity by reason of his exploit in sinking the collier Merrimac in the mouth of Santiago Harbor, and a young officer named Sims, who, long afterwards, in the Great War, with the full rank of admiral, was to command the American fleet in European waters. Mrs. Cowles, wife of Admiral Cowles, took delight in entertaining for her brother Theodore Roosevelt as he was ascending the ladder of his fame to its various stages.

On one occasion at a reception which she gave in his honor on his return, fresh from triumphs with the Rough Riders in Cuba, people in their eagerness to acclaim and welcome the hero of San Juan Hill, fearing a great crush, came even earlier than the appointed hour. The house, which was small, was jammed to suffocation, so that when Colonel Roosevelt arrived he could get no further than the front hall. There he remained, pinioned against the newel post, fanning himself strenuously with his Panama hat, and holding an impromptu reception of his own, while Mrs. Cowles, in the meanwhile, was passing many an anxious moment wondering what had become of her guest of honor. "It's so like Theodore," she said, helplessly. When at last word reached her

of what was happening in the hall, all she could do was to smile good-naturedly, and say again: "That is so like Theodore!"

Alice Roosevelt was only one of the little girls in blue in these days. She did not make her debut until January, 1902, at a dance for young people given in the East Room. The youngest of Roosevelt's Rough Riders came to swell the ranks of beaux, and to add a piquant and novel note of interest. The White House debutante was among the most attractive of the season's buds. Many of us remember that she had only to appear on the threshold of a room to electrify the whole company into some sort of action, whether it was the dance or a game:—she led in whatever the gambol, not so much on account of her rank as princess royal as for her compelling and facinating personality, which she more than any of the children, perhaps, inherited from her father. Alice Roosevelt has always been the daughter of good luck and popularity, and who knows if it may not be in the cards that she is yet once more to make another debut in the White House.

WHEN Bernhardt and Coquelin, after a long promised tour, came to Washington, they were both at the very zenith of their artistic careers. The divine Sara was always divine and only less divine when finally, as a veteran of life and of the stage, she gave her last little sketch of a broken soldier of France. Her characterization was made the more realistic and *triste* by the fact that she herself had lost a limb

in her heroic fight with fate. Neither Bernhardt nor Coquelin was gifted by nature with beauty, and yet both, when on the stage, could create the illusion of the greatest beauty. It was always the superlative with these two supreme artists, and so it was a painful shock to my sense of the asthetic when I met them later at a reception at the French Embassy.

Bernhardt was of medium height, very thin, almost emaciated; her skin was sallow and coarse, and powdered much too copiously. Her teeth were not white, and her hair, obviously a wig, was of a reddish hue and frowsy, and crowned with a still frowsier brown fur turban. Her frock of taupe colored velvet was trimmed elaborately with passementerie in which there were many threads of blue. The choker collar, very high and edged with fur, reaching up to her chin, made her look for all the world like a bearded lady. She wore quantities of turquoises and many rings. Even her thumb was encircled with an especially large blue stone. From a rather fancy belt, which could have served as a dog collar for most women, so wasp-like was her waist, there hung a truly intriguing and handsome chatelaine of jewelled charms which jingled with a pretty jingle every time she moved, and as she was never still, there was a good deal of jingle. Bernhardt's eyes were the whole of her, or so it seemed to me, for they were at once all of her compensation and her charm, but in the drawing room I missed the golden timbre of her voice, and I had the feeling that I must have been mistaken in my former estimate of her. Surely, this rather fantastic person, with but one pair of eyes, however compelling and fascinating, could not be the lovely Dame aux Camelias of a few nights before: and yet in L'Aiglon, on her last night in Washington, I found myself again enthralled and completely under the spell of her unsurpassed technique, so that it is not the woman I most remember, but the actress: she was one thousand actresses and one woman, and all of the greatest.

When in 1899 ,Coquelin played in another of Rostand's plays, "Cyrano de Bergerac", he had the entire world of Washington at his feet. The little comedian, with his mediocre Gallic face, was so very ugly and lacking in distinction that he actually boasted of it, which only served to enhance the beauty and poignancy which he brought to the role of the poet soldier of Gascogne.

The star of the next season was Duse, who was entertained at a reception at the Italian Embassy, then occupying the old Hearst mansion. The ball room, with its fine pictures and high tapestries, was a rich shrine for the many worshippers of the great Eleanora. She was gentle and tranquil, with a haunting, sad smile, and beautiful expressive hands, very waxen against the black of her simple lace gown.—I can not think of a comparison between Bernhardt and Duse, though both were Latins under the skin, and the muses had brushed both brows with genius; but Duse had not Bernhardt's vitality nor her careless philosophy of life; one could not help but know

that somewhere back in her own Italy Duse had tasted the bitterest dregs of sorrow. Her sadness enveloped her completely and was the most tangible thing about her: it was in some way her protection, too, just as are the sombre garments of those bereaved.

And to enliven and increase our pride in the histrionic ability of our own country, there came also to Washington Joseph Jefferson, the lovable old rascal, in Rip Van Winkle; Mansfield, very swagger in Beau Brummel; Sothern in "If I were King", the finished and romantic actor that he has always been. James K. Hackett, a real matinee idol, was gorgeous in the white cloth and gold braided regimentals of the kingly prisoner of Zenda; and lastly, the most popular of them all, John Drew, was very like the heroes of his latest play, - "Butterflies", "Rosemary," or perhaps "The Masked Ball," in which Maude Adams, with her tender, flower-like face, was the lady fair. She followed Bernhardt in L'Aiglon, and gave, if not the same interpretation to the part of the eaglet, at least a most sympathetic and appealing one. Julia Marlowe in her Barbara Frietchie crinolins was adored, and Annie Russell, with a voice so dolce, dolce, took Bret Harte's "Sue" to London, and was hailed there as the American Duse.

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, with their company, came several times to Washington while I was there. I had met them previously in San Fran-

cisco on the occasion of a large theatre party. Irving was playing the sinister "Robespierre" which Sardou had written expressly for him, while Ellen Terry was the courageous lady who maintained her romantic hold on the despot's incorruptible heart throughout all the vicissitudes of the French Revolution. It was a drama of cruel pathos, but the rather tearful evening broke up with the promise of more cheerful interest for us later on, as we were all invited behind the scenes to meet the two English stars. It was a blithe and charming Ellen who forgot all in a moment the terrors of the guillotine as she greeted us with the most genuine cordiality. She had shed her eighteenth century costume of purple silk and high head gear, and appeared in a veritable Mother Hubbard of black and grey, with hair all awry after the removal of her cap and wig.

The friend whose guests we were looked at the actress with some astonishment, no doubt wondering whether Miss Terry had already made her toilet for the supper party that was being given in her honor, or was still in the deshabille of her dressing room. It appeared that she regarded herself as fully attired, and some finesse was required on the part of our hostess to effect a few hasty alterations and improvements. After a cord was borrowed from the dressing gown of Robespierre by which to band and confine the too ample folds of the lady's draperies, and a lace fichu was stolen from the bodice of one of the French demoiselles in the play, we all rattled

off together over the cobble stones of old Market Street to the Palace Hotel. As Miss Terry appeared in the doorway of the dining room she saw at a glance that she would have to run the gauntlet between rows and rows of tables, gay with a motley throng of late diners and revellers. Immediately the tall, graceful woman was treading the boards again, every eye riveted on her,—even after she had reached her seat of honor, with a deep sigh of content at having carried through a completely effective scene. No one had remarked the strange "get-up", only her supremely confident air of "Watch me do this part."

I shall never forget her merry humor and infectious laugh. Irving, rather serious and pompous at the other end of the long table, kept leaning forward and inquiring "What's all the fun about? What's Ellen saying now?" There existed then between these two artists a concord of ideas not to be wondered at. My knowledge of the world at eighteen was necessarily limited, and so, when I put the question to my partner, "What is Sir Henry Irving to Ellen Terry?" the poor man looked at me very much as one looks at any annoying kind of a enfant terrible, and replied, "Well, he's sort of a husband."

Music was represented as well as the drama. When Schumann-Heink was singing at the John R. McLean's one evening—and how she could sing in the 90's!—some one inquired gaily of the German Ambassador if all "the gals" in his country sang as well; and Holleben replied very seriously, "No, and

there will never be another like her in any country." I could not help but recall these words when I heard that great diva sing in New York last winter at Steinway Hall. Truly is she a super-woman, retaining nearly all the glory of her voice at the age of sixty-odd. In the audience was Madame Sembrich, and to her presence there the great contralto called our attention in a little speech of gracious and generous acknowledgment of help given her in the days when they were both struggling young artists at the Dresden Opera. "If my high notes are any good today," said Ernestine, "it is because they are the high notes of Marcella Sembrich."

To delight us still further with orchestral music was Walter Damrosch. There were prophetic signs and tendencies even then of the high achievements which he was later to attain, in the world of music: for Dr. Damrosch's place as a great conductor is unique. Added to his fine musicianship and his warm and sympathetic sponsorship of talent, are the attractive qualities of the man himself, whom all New York has come to know and revere. I have remarked more than once, and others have agreed with me, that the silhouette and fine modelling of Dr. Damrosch's handsome face are singularly like that of President McKinley. Just a decade ago music devotees and friends of Walter Damrosch planned a giant demonstration in his honor at the Hotel Plaza in New York. At the speaker's table was Lillian Nordica, beautiful as the night in black velvet and diamonds.

When she was asked to speak, after many others notably eloquent, she arose and said simply, "In counting the many blessings of Walter Damrosch, the greatest has been the choice of Margaret Blaine for a wife." This sincere and spontaneous toast found an echo in every heart present, and won deafening applause. Only last year, when I took another little discerning lady, my own daughter, to a Christmas party at the Damrosch's, I was enchanted to hear her exclaim, "Oh, I do wish there were more people like Mr. and Mrs. Damrosch in the world."

And so they appeared, stars of plenty, and if there is one I have not mentioned more lovely and of a greater magnitude than any of the others, it is because she has, with the delicious humor that is hers, warned me to desist yet awhile, for she is still before the footlights, holding her audience with all the charms and graces of youth: the year of her debut remains a dark secret today. "If any more memoirs are written," she declares, "I shall be ruined lady." And so, in such a worthy camouflage I am willing to be a silent partner, and have pledged my word not to mention her in the same breath as the 90's.

Thomas Nelson Page, long before he took up his ambassadorial duties in the city by the Tiber, was the intellectual *Ambassadeur des belles lettres* in the city close by the Potomac. This charming man, with his intense Southern personality, gay chivalry, and magnetic and melodious voice, in which there was a note suggestive of the cadence of his old colored



At Abner McKinley's Summer Place In Pennsylvania, Summer Before McKinley's Inauguration. JOSEPH MCKENNA WM. MCKINLEY ABNER MCKINLEY

mammy, lured to his home all the promising as well as the potential and seasoned writers of the day. I recall a breakfast around his old Virginia mahogany, with John Fox, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, and the merry host himself. A famous quartette they were of sharp wit and sprightly humor. Mistress Page, as attractive and winsome as her name, enchained all hearts, and helped often to feather the nests of many a budding scribe during the lean years which are the certain lot of a novice in any art. Richard Harding Davis and John Fox were the most frequent visitors and were the special objects of her maternal solicitude, which she extended even to her friendly camp fires at York Harbor.

I met them there again one summer. Tom Reed had come from Portland to visit my father, and as Chief Justice White was already domiciled at that Maine resort for the season, this congenial triumvirate, who also sometimes liked to bury their noses in books, were asked to luncheon. All the story tellers and romanticists present looked a little self-conscious when Tom Reed announced that Balzac was his favorite author, for in his opinion no other understood love so well; and to prove it he later sent me a copy of "Le Lys dans la Valle." When Mr. Clemens was asked to name his favorite author, he replied, "I don't know about a favorite author, but Mark Twain is my pet author." The interrogation circled round the table until it reached a lady sitting at the right of the host. "And pray, madame, who is your favorite author?" Whereupon this very elegant woman, noted for the beauty and purity of her Cambridge English, looked quickly and coyly about the assemblage of authors and statesmen present and replied in feigned seriousness: "I ain't got none." Every one agreed that she should have married a diplomat, and not a college professor. And then the conversation descended to the spiced ham, spoon bread, and soft ginger cake which are the boast of every good host south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Of a somewhat younger generation of novelists was the American Winston Churchill, who, with his wife, I remember meeting at Mrs. George Corning Fraser's. He was then romancing about a Mr. Richard Carvel, of Maryland, and his readers were already clamoring for a sequel—for they would have more of it. Kate Douglas Riggs, with Rebecca, the favorite child of her pen, tucked under her arm, was my guest of honor at a tea. Every one was charmed with the pretty blue stocking from the state of Maine, and pleaded with her to come oftener to Washington. I have always thought, with other of Mrs. Rigg's friends, that Rebecca was autobiographical. I was with Mrs. Riggs for the initial appearance of Mary Pickford in Rebecca, the role in which she helped to immortalize that beguiling child. Mrs. Riggs turned to me at one tender moment of the picture and said: "Mary Pickford is perfect, but Rebecca was dark. I always think of her as dark,—quite dark."

MR. Peter Finley Dunne was busy in the 90's speeding up the editorial pages of various newspapers with his pertinent, and oftener impertinent, but always amusing remarks. Was there ever a funnier man than Mr. Dunne? None, unless it was Mr. Dooley. Our own Bob Davis of today has adopted in his "Recall" column an idea somewhat similar, and daily makes "The Sun" to shine more brightly for the myriads who love to bask in the warm and interesting radiance of his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and personal reminiscences.

I recall so well the first time I met Mr. Frank Munsey, the late owner of "The Sun." It was at Mrs. Elkin's in 1897, at the betrothal dinner of her sister, Grace Davis, and Arthur Lee. Senator Elkins, who had formed a warm attachment for the ambitious journalist, foretold all the success that was to follow him through the ensuing years. It was not always smooth sailing, however. "No luck was ever mine," he said. "Nothing ever came easy to me but work." Mr. Munsey was an indefatigable worker, and enjoyed it hugely. Once, in speaking of death, he said: "I do not fear death, -only the inactivity of it." He was whole heartedly American, and deplored nothing so much as the law which excluded men of his age from fighting in the Great War; but "I have my newspapers," he said, "in which to ennoble propaganda. I have no children, but all the boys over there are my boys, and they can have all my wealth, if necessary." And I know now that his ample purse was filled only to be emptied more than many times a good guess. He told me that a great shyness and supersensitiveness were always serious handicaps to him in his hard fight with life's problems, but in spite of this he was one of our most successful Americans, and nowhere was his success so manifest as in the number and affection of his friends.

We had no beauty contests in those days, but if there had been one, Mary Leiter, afterwards Lady Curzon, and two Richmond belles, May Handy, now Mrs. James Brown Potter, and Irene Langhorne, now Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, would have been acclaimed unanimously. They came often to our bachelor cotillions, which have long since been superseded by the kingdom of jazz.

There were three fair daughters of the house of Leiter,—Daisy, Countess of Suffolk; Nanny, Mrs. Colin Campbell; and the eldest, Mary, Lady Curzon, who was by far the fairest of the trio. Nature surely meant her to be always laurel-crowned, so queen-like was her bearing, so flower-like her head, on which she wore for—alas!—far too short a time the diadem of Vice-Reine of India. Death claimed her in her early middle age. The house of Curzon also boasts of three fair daughters, two of whom are now taking a lively part in the public life of their mother's adopted country. One, Lady Cynthia, is married to Oswald Mosely, a Tory convert to Socialism, and quite frankly deplores the fact that she has a titled prefix to her name. The Baroness Ravensdale, her

sister, on the contrary, declares as frankly in favor of her aristocratic heritage.—"I am proud of being in the ranks of those very Barons who gave us our rights," announced the Baroness, when she spoke recently at Runnymeade in commemoration of Magna Charta. She made an earnest and decided plea there for the right of peeresses to a seat and voice in the House of Lords, and never misses an opportunity to agitate the question of what she considers the lawful prerogatives of these ladies of high degree. While others on the outside are inclined to smile, and to regard most leniently this deflection in the Curzon household, and attribute it to their American blood, an orthodox Tory, like Lord Curzon, whose rule in the Indian Empire was most conspicuous for "pomp and circumstance" could only have been truly tried and vexed by this political heresy in one of his noble progeny.

Irene Langhorne Gibson, with her swan-like grace, bore likewise a resemblance to a goddess of ancient Greece, but an animated, vitalized, rejuvenated goddess—a goddess with skirts slightly lifted, tailored shirt, high cravated collar, and a mannish brim on her broad sailor hat—a goddess more often hatless, standing on the top of a tall hill, with the tanning winds of summer blowing through her light hair, raised in Pompadour above her forehead, and arms poised for her daily game of golf—a flapper of the 90's, Mr. Gibson's prophecy in crayon of the final emancipation of women from those garments which



SHERIDAN MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

had hampered and enslaved them for so long. The first to fall, frivolous as they may seem, were these barriers separating the feminine world from a free choice in the pursuit of human endeavor. And now, after twenty-five years of gradual and even more drastic reforms than the hang of their skirts, women have finally emerged into a fuller life, and are enjoying a freedom and share in public affairs, at the precise moment, too, when the need of their special cooperation is most openly craved and recognized.

Just as the great playwright of a past century exploited the charms of a Lydia Languish, whose type persisted in art and illustration for a long time before its final demise, so Mr. Gibson has felt the urge to bury his old heroes and heroines, and to transpose the terms by which chivalric devotion was so delightfully expressed by him in his art of the 90's. I must confess, however, that I like best his Goddess of the tall hill tops.

The first model for the Gibson girl was posed by Mrs. Clarke. Her pure and lovely features and frank, open countenance were regarded by the artist as the most radiant example of the young womanhood of the day, whose pulses were just beginning to quicken to the call of the great outdoors. Mrs. Clarke's beauty has been immortalized not only by Mr. Gibson but also by William M. Chase on the patrician canvas of his "Lady in White,"—a tour de force in that it is painted entirely in different tones of white, not in imitation of Whistler, but in the original con-

ception and fine treatment of that colorless pigment,—a cunning and dexterous avoidance of all tints and hues except in the deep blue of the eyes, the light brown of the smooth, high hair, and the red of the generous mouth,—of a decidedly more subdued red than is now used by ladies of fashion.

Mr. Chase was touched by more than one current in modern art, but however versatile his brush he was always a real artist, worshipping and following the traditions of that artistic rectitude which he had early in his career learned at the feet of those beloved old masters of the cinque cento. Royal Cortissoz, in a recent tribute, says: "I know nothing more significant about the work of Mr. Chase than the effect it had upon the development of taste in the United States during the 80's and 90's." With Stanford White he has earned our eternal gratitude for a new birth in artistic ideals. As faithful a disciple as he was of the old school of painting Mr. Chase's advice and counsel to his pupils was always against emulating too closely any one painter or type, and for cultivating that intangible and almost nameless something which we call dash and style, that stroke which distinguishes one artist from the other. His favorite injunction was "Paint an object as you see it, -not as X. sees it, or wants you to see it." Stimulated by this idea the master fully exemplified his teachings in his own work, especially so in his pictures of still life,his interiors, his fruit, and fish. And how he could paint fish! He made fish look as probably the Good

Creator meant them to look—their bodies glowing with a hundred cool and tinselled colors, their tails swung in graceful curves against the ravishing blue or rose of a dish, or a market basket of deepest henna, —his picture of a simple fish a finished thing of beauty, a prize treasured by nearly every museum in the country.

Mr. Chase's sister in law, Miss Virginia Gerson, editress of the Clyde Fitch letters, accompanied me to a recent exhibition of Mr. Chase's work at the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. We toured the room together, and I enjoyed hugely all the family legends she had to tell me of the various pictures. As we stood in front of a large portrait of Mrs. Chase, I exclaimed at the beauty and truthful likeness, whereupon Miss Gerson remarked that her sister, with quite a pretense of injured feelings, for Mr. Chase had not invited her to pose for him for a number of years, was fond of chaffing her husband about that particular canvas. One evening Mrs. Chase appeared at dinner wearing an emerald green gown heavily pailetted with iridescent beads. "Alice, you are wonderful tonight," exclaimed Mr. Chase. "I think I must paint you in all that shower of shimmering loveliness." "Yes, my dear, I thought I should have to look like a fish before you would want to paint me again," said Mrs. Chase, delighted to have re-awakened a gleam of approval in the artist's eye. Mr. Chase, however, painted his wife, not as a fish, but as a grande dame, stunning with a bandeau of

gold in her dark hair, a necklace of emeralds about her throat, and jewelled rings on her fingers, a rich inheritance for his children.

Mr. Chase took his palette and brush to Washing ton, where he was a frequent guest of Harriet Lane Johnson, who commissioned him to paint the portrait of her uncle, the late President Buchanan, which hangs on the friendly velvet walls of the Green Room in the White House. I always liked this room, which was originally designed as a card room, and doubtless derives its present name from the delicious mignonette shade of its wall coverings. The white marble mantel—the only mantel piece in the mansion that has survived from the early days of the historic structure—still displays the golden garniture purchased by President Monroe, two vases and the "Hannibal" clock, so-called from the figure of the great Carthaginian general that surmounts the time piece. The portrait of the Fifteenth President of the United States, in velvet collar and cuffs, was a dignified subject for Mr. Chase's talent. Mr. Chase himself was quite as handsome as his proud states man, for did not Whistler say of him "I made Chase beautiful, charming, a masher of the avenues."

Between these two friends there was agreement to paint each other, but when the ecentric Whistler saw himself for the first time as Chase had painted him he pronounced the portrait a monstrous lampoon. The "monstrous lampoon" now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, in spite of

which honor the irate and revengeful object of it destroyed his own masterpiece of Chase: but for this folly of Whistler's, we might still have the "masher of the avenues" in Washington, in that beautiful gallery designed by Charles Platt to enshrine Mr. Freer's collection of Whistler's art.

In my day the manufacture of picture post cards, now to be found at every news stand, picked off the counter of the nearest apothecary, or sighted in reels at the entrance of every museum and gallery, had not reached the proportion of an industry;—instead we had with us "High Lights of Washington," "The Treasures of our Nation," and "Everyday Street Scenes," in pamphlet or booklet form, with which to illuminate and illustrate the little travelogues that were sent back to "The folks at home." In an old trunk I found a collection of these souvenirs which my father used so often to whisk across the continent for the amusement and cheer of his children in San Francisco.

"Calico Row," a humorous little bit from "Street Scenes," afforded us the most merriment, for here was "old black-eyed Susan," the model for many a pen and brush man in search of a type, long since vanished from the side walks of the city. Smiling, good-natured and wide of girth in her freshly starched yellow calico, she stands with her shiny brown arms akimbo in the doorway of her little shop, of which there were so many then in lower Pennsylvania Avenue, extending far out over the pavement

like so many bow windows. Printed underneath our sketch of Susan was a priceless dialogue, very characteristic of those usually carried on with her dusky swains and patrons of the calico trade.

"Hullo thar, ma pansied eyed forget-ma-not."

"Has ya got any yaller calica?"

"Who says I got any yaller calica?"

"That's what I ax ye. Has ye, now, ma sweet, lil' buttercup?"

"I'se aint yar sweet lil' buttercup."

"Yas, you is, honey. You is de roses of ma life, and all de lilies, too."

"Oh, go 'long, you big black raven."

"Yas, honey, I'se ye big black raven, and youse ma lil' white dove. Ma lil' yaller calica gal."

And then there were the various photographs and views of the subjects in the old Corcoran gallery, the "Vestal Virgins" and "The Fisherman's Daughter," which for the sake of sentiment, if for no other, I am glad to say, now adorn the walls of the new gallery, grown to much larger and nobler dimensions than the first lodging for art bequeathed to Washington by that charming and cultivated old gentleman, William W. Corcoran, who in the name of a revered wife and daughter also gave to the City the "Margaret Louisa Home," a last port of comfort and ease for those gentle bred women bereft of the support of their mankind, for there was then a slight odium attached to the idea of self-support for those born in the purple. Within those kindly red brick walls on

Massachusetts Avenue many a former great hostess, a daughter of a President, an unfortunate widow of the South, or a spinster of renown, donned her best silk on reception days, and served tea and cherry bounce—"made in Georgia, my dear, by a relative of the Lee family"—behind the lustre of her own tea set. The silver of one coquettish damsel of seventy odd was extracted weekly from an old leather box lined in blue velvet—four generations of my family have been born with these silver spoons in their mouths, she explained, and I always like to lick mine first, before dipping it into my tea—smacking her lips over the memory of many a sacharine morsel, an epicurean salute to the ghosts of her ancestors.

THE walled enclosure of my alma mater, Visitation Convent in Georgetown, has perhaps more of the flavor of the old world than any other historic landmark in the District of Columbia. It has the further distinction of being the oldest school for girls in the United States, and the oldest on the North American continent save one, that of the Ursulines in Canada.

High above the altar, in the exquisite little chapel, which is heavy and sweet with the fragrance of Christian piety, are the Martha and Mary of Holy Scripture, seated at the feet of the master—a Royal painting presented to the nuns by Charles the Tenth of France. In the long Odeon there is a large Murillo, shrouded with an unhappy myth of plunder in the Mexican War, and on the walls of the Mother

Superior's room are the faces of many of her former distinguished pupils — Harriet Lane Johnson, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Roebling, the wife of the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, Rose Hawthorne, the saintly daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edith Patten, now the widow of General Corbin, that perfect courtier of the McKinley administration; and also the young niece of President Tyler, one who early took the vows and veil of the Visitation order. This gentle *religieuse* was never tired, however, of referring to the worldly pleasures of her youth in the White House, where she was often called upon to assist at the Levees of her President uncle.

The wandering royalties of Europe were not then such frequent callers at our ports as now, and so a distinguished visitor to this country, like the Prince de Joinville, was received at every turn with all the clamorous harmony of fife and drum. This third son of Louis Philippe was in 1840 entrusted with the mission of escorting from Saint Helena to France the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte to their final resting place in the crypt of the Invalides in Paris. There was a ball in honor of the French prince at the White House, and as the recitation of this incident in the little old Lady's girlhood became more and more animated, she would smile and wrinkle up her much seamed face, and say, with just the proper amount of retrospective emphasis "And I was there, too, my dears." "Of course you danced with the Prince?" we asked, and as a flicker of light appeared

in her faded and saintly eyes we saw through the prism of her rosy past the perfect vision of a belle.

Across the narrow street from the Convent was the house of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of that ubiquitous instrument of today, the telephone. Dr. Bell's wife was a mute, his neighbors, the nuns, in strictest cloister, and his laboratory far removed from hum and din of traffic, even though it was so considerably less in volume than the vicious roar of our modern cities. In this pacific and ideal retreat the sober seer of Georgetown worked and slaved through many patient experimental years.

There was a sympathetic alliance existing between Mr. Bell and the good sisters, who rendered spiritual help and comfort with their devout and daily prayers for success. There were other and simpler folk, however, who were often incredulous, and regarded the attempt to electrify a coppery web of wire into facile human speech as an unbelievable thing, hinting of the blackest magic! The Te Deum, however, was sung at last, on one bright, miraculous day when the first "Hello" went skipping along the line strung from the professor's work shop to the office of the directress of the Convent. That was in 1876, and now I am sure the school would feel obliged to close its doors, were there not a telephone on every floor of the building. When I graduated from the school in 1893 I went to say a last good-bye to Miss Lilian Bell, another gifted member of the Bell family, a musician of rare talent. Dr. Bell was there at the

moment, and when I told him that I was about to depart that evening for my home in San Francisco, he promised that we should all very soon be able to speak to California with the greatest facility. He did not further imagine that an intrepid youth would one day fly across the Atlantic and take up a telephone in Paris with the nonchalant air of one quite accustomed to such things, for a chat with his mother in the American city of Detroit.

We lived at this time on Rhode Island Avenue, opposite the old Bellamy Storer house, which for many years was ocupied by the French embassy. The Ambassador was Jules Cambon, who surely never dreamed, in those quiet 90's, of the tremendous part which he was to play in Europe years later. I had the pleasure frequently of dining at the Embassy during his incumbency; indeed, a ring at our door bell in the late afternoon was very apt to prelude a request from the Ambassador to "fill a place at dinner" for him that evening, an S. O. S. call to which I always responded with the greatest pleasure.

By way of reward though none was needed, he presented me, on one occasion, with a handsome, engraved, autographed portrait of Pope Leo XIII, which His Holiness had sent from Rome with the express wish that it be bestowed on some friend who might value it. Jules Cambon, it will be remembered, acting under authority conferred upon him by the Queen Regent of Spain, negotiated with the American Secretary of State, William R. Day, afterwards an assortant contents of the present of the p

ciate justice of the Supreme Court, the treaty of peace which successfully brought the Spanish-American War to a conclusion. His part as French Ambassador at Berlin, and that of his brother Paul in August, 1914, are matters of illustrious record in world history. A quaint footnote as to things historical may be recalled here by mention of the fact that the French envoy in Washington with those of England, Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia and Japan, did not enjoy the rank of ambassador until 1893. Before that year the United States was represented only by ministers of legations in all foreign capitals.

This anomalous condition of affairs called forth much comment and protest, until finally Congress, in the third year of the 90's, created embassies in the above-mentioned countries, whose ministers then, automatically, became ambassadors. The order of precedence among them, it was decided by agreement among the various nations, should be in accordance with the dates on which their credentials were filed. Jules Jusserand came to Washington in 1902, and was dean of the diplomatic corps for many years, remaining throughout the whole troublous period of the World War. Madame Jusserand, born of American parents in Paris, came to this country for the first time as wife of the French ambassador. One of the loveliest memorials in Washington is to be found in Piney Woods, whither Monsieur and Madame Jusserand were in the habit, during those trying times, of going for surcease from their anxious duties.



CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE

It consists of a white stone basin and pedestal on which are carved these words: "To the birds of Piney Woods, from their friends Elise and Jules Jusserand."

A MONG other neighbors on Rhode Island Avenue was the perennially handsome widow of General Sheridan, with her trio of daughters. Later they built a new house for themselves further out, on Massachusetts Avenue, within the radius of Sheridan Circle, and in the shadow of the spirited equestrian statute of the great rider. Gifford Pinchot, a bachelor of the 90's, later Governor of Pennsylvania, lived with his parents just this side of Scott Circle, in the big white house facing the green triangle which surrounds the statute of Daniel Webster. Next door to us were Mr. and Mrs. James Lowndes, whose dining room, a perfect example of Colonial days, was a delight to the eye, with its original old yellow damask, and fine specimens of early American furniture, inherited from the gubernational mansion of their forebears in Maryland.

In the centre of the block, on the same side of the street with us, was the wide red brick residence of Chief Justice White, who was for so long not only one of my father's brethren on the bench, but also his friend and brother in daily life. Edward White was an officer in the Confederate army, a Democratic Senator from Louisiana, appointed associate justice by President Cleveland and Chief Justice by President Taft, yet between him and my staunch Repub-

lican father there existed an unusually tender bond of comradeship which endured until his death.

He was succeeded by William Howard Taft, who was appointed by President Harding, and who, more than most other men in American public life, had already been honored by a multiplicity of offices. United States Circuit judge, chairman of the Second Philippine Commission, Governor General of the Philippines, Secretary of War, President of the League to Enforce Peace, Commissioner to Rome, Provisional Governor of Cuba, and finally President and Chief Justice of the United States, he achieved with these last, for the first time in American history, the enormous distinction of having held in one life time the two highest offices in the land. My father's affectionate regard for the Chief Justice was one of the bright and comforting spots of his last years of service on the bench.

Mr. Taft's sympathy was abounding, ready and endearing. The fibre of his heart strings is easily discernible in the following extract from a letter which he wrote to me in answer to my letter of thanks to him and to the Court for their last tribute to my father, their deceased brother. "No member of the Court," he wrote, "goes by The Connecticut' without a sigh that our dear old colleague is gone. But we feel, as all his friends must and do, that his life was a beautiful life, full of honor and usefulness, and leaving nothing but a sweet flavor of the love of his fellow men. You are very good to refer to the Court's

expression of loving respect for your father's memory, but that went without saying. They were heart felt and could not be restrained."

Five years earlier my father, then acting Chief Justice, had been the first to congratulate Mr. Taft upon his appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the United States, and I can not resist the temptation to quote in full the cordial and interesting letter received by him in response.

Ritz Carlton Hotel, Montreal, July 2nd, 1921.

My dear Mr. Justice McKenna:

It was good last night to get your kind message of welcome to the Court. You will have to bear with my rusty shortcomings. But I know your generous nature of old. What book of Supreme Court Practice ought I study?

I look forward to a life of incessant labor, but thank heaven it will be in a field I like. You are the first of the Court I have heard from, and I am glad it is so, because, my dear judge, you and I go farther back together in Washington public life than anybody there now, except Joe Cannon, Warren and Lodge. When I came to Washington in 1890 as Solicitor General you were in Congress. Please present my very warm regards to Mrs. McKenna, who



WM. H. TAFT

has always been a good friend of mine, and who joins in your message which I have forwarded to Mrs. Taft, who is at Murray Bay, and is very happy. She has had it on her conscience that she was one of the forces conspiring to keep me out of judicial life, and to divert me to an uncongenial political career. Now her conscience is at peace.

Looking forward with pleasure to the honor of sitting next you on the Court, and with satisfaction that you will help me with your long experience, believe me, my dear Justice,

Sincerely,

W. H. Taft

On Labor Day, just two years ago as I write this, I asked my father to choose the course of his daily afternoon drive. "To the Unknown Soldier's grave," he said. The day was overcast, and before we reached our destination a gentle rain was falling. "Don't get out," I admonished him at the grave; but he insisted, and stood bare-headed there for a moment's meditation, and then whispered, quite audibly enough for me to hear, "Good-bye, boy!" We drove next to Arlington, where so many of his good friends lie in their eternal sleep.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat The soldier's last tattoo . . ." . . . In Arlington, if nowhere else, one responds to the true significance of these lines, which seemed to be running in my father's mind that day, and which would, I felt, have come often to his lips, even without the frequent reminders of them in the quotations carved on the stones along our path. For he must inevitably have been reviewing in memory all the dear companions who had gone before him in his eighty-three years of life . . .

And was there a sad premonition too? Did he hear the martial tempo of Chopin's music, and see the mirage of his only son's funeral cortege moving through those sylvan aisles to the little grave which my brother had himself selected when only a young West Point graduate, before he had answered the call to arms or heard the battle cry, first in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, and lastly in the Great War?

In the splendid McKinley Mausoleum in Canton there is a bronze bust of my father, on the marble pedestal of which are inscribed the following words:

JOSEPH McKENNA

Attorney General in President McKinley's Cabinet.

As Congressman,
United States
Circuit Judge,
Cabinet Officer,
and Justice
of the
Supreme Court,
he discharged
every duty
with
signal industry,
ability,
and devotion
to his country.

. . . to which I wish I might add the words that are forever inscribed in my own heart: "The best of fathers."

Finis



BUST OF JOSEPH MCKENNA









